"The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,
Then sleep we side by side."

—Longfellow.

CHURCHYARD LITERATURE:

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

AMERICAN EPITAPHS,

WITH REMARKS

ON MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS AND THE

OBSEQUIES OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

BY JOHN R. KIPPAX,

MEMBER OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

"Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs."—*Shakespeare.*

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TO ALL

WHO E'ER IN MUSING,

HAVE IN FACT OR FANCY STROLLED,

"Midst Skulls and Coffins, Epitaphs and Worms;

Where Light-heeled Ghosts and Visionary Shades,

. . . . . Perform their Mystic Rounds,"

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

There is no need that much should be said by way of preface to the following pages of what might aptly be styled *grave literature*. The simple fact that the "Way-Bills" of America's Dead have hitherto been but indifferently recorded is certainly a sufficient excuse for the appearance in print of these gleanings.

As a collection of epitaphs this must not be supposed to include all that have been written in this country since 1492, but only such as have come under my own personal observation, or have been contributed by friends during the last five years.

The remarks on monumental inscriptions and the funeral rites and obsequies of various nations have

been made as condensed and exhaustive as was possible within the limits assigned to an introduction.

The culling and arranging of this material, though the work of odd moments and little remnants of time, proved a matter of no little difficulty and labor.

To my many friends who have so kindly aided me in making the compilation, my thanks are due; but especially am I indebted to the Misses R. M. Booth of Chicago, Illinois, and A. M. Laurie of Norristown, Penn., for their valuable assistance.

And yet while feeling perfectly justified in presenting this innovation on American literature to the public, "I am not ignorant, ne unsure that many there are before whose sight this Book shall finde small grace and lesse favour."

J. R. K.

Oak Park, Nov. 5, 1876.

INTRODUCTORY.

INTRODUCTION.

OF all the materials presented to the student of history for his examination, few occupy a place at once so peculiar and important as the memorials of the dead.

The "men of renown" when the world was young have left their records in the "Acres of God."

The pyramids and rock-hewn structures of India and Thebes, the remains of Aztec temples, the tablets of Phœnicia and Egypt, the mounds of Scandinavia and of our own continent, have taught us much that we know of nations, once *puissant*, but long since departed.

The annals of the race have been revealed by the vestiges of the tombs, voices from the dead have explained obscure passages of classic writers, and lights from the grave have given an insight into the circumstances that governed our ancestors in pre-historic times.

The custom of erecting memorials to the dead is almost coeval with the existence of mankind.

Sometimes these relics are all that is left of a nation.

and as Ferguson remarks, "without the lessons we learn from them, the architectural history of Rome is an unintelligible maze, and the connection between the arts of Greece and Italy, from the earliest time, equally inexplicable."

The "tomb-hillocks" of Peru and Chili, the mounds of Mexico and the barrows of North America, reveal to us traces of the genius of races that else would have been lost in oblivion.

The earliest forms of memorials are supposed to be the mound and the pyramid. Yet the first record is of the pillar raised by a sorrowing patriarch to the Rachel he had loved and lost, and that record, grand in its simplicity, suggests the hallowed motives for the first erection of monuments to the dead.

In the burial-places of Memphis and Thebes we find the crowning excellence reached in the erection of ancient sepulchral mounds.

Outside of Egypt, the oldest tumulus is that which Alyattes, the father of Crœsus, king of Lydia, built for himself 561 B. C. It had an altitude of 200 feet and a diameter of 1180.

The mounds or tumuli of our own continent owe their origin in part, doubtless, to the "mound-builders" of early times, and in part to a custom common among many of the North American Indians of holding "Festivals of the Dead," which consisted in gathering together, at intervals of eight or ten years, the bones of their departed, and depositing them, amid impressive ceremonies, in a common grave.

These festivals commenced, says Charlevoix, "by the appointment of a place where they should meet, the choosing of a president of the feast, and the sending of invitations to neighboring villages. The appointed day arrived, all the Indians assembled, and went in procession, two and two, to the cemetery. After a period of silence, which was first interrupted by the women giving vent to cries of lamentation, they proceeded to take up the bodies, arrange the separate and dry bones and place them in packets to carry on their shoulders. They then returned in the same procession in which they came, and each deposited his burden in his cabin. During the procession the women continued their lamentations, and the men testified the same marks of grief as on the death of the person whose bones they bare.

"This was followed by a feast in each house in honor of the dead of the family.

"The succeeding days were considered as public days, and were spent in dancing, games and combats, at which prizes were bestowed.

"From time to time, they uttered cries, which were called, '*les cris des ames.*'

"After some days thus spent, all went in procession to a grand council-room fitted for the occasion. They then suspended the bones and bodies in the same state as they had taken them from the cemetery, and placed there the presents intended for the dead, and afterwards conveyed them to the spot designated as their final resting-place.

"All their ceremonies were accompanied with music, both instrumental and vocal, to which each marched in cadence."

Throughout New York and Canada, these extensive depositories, which generally occupy commanding positions, are familiarly known as "bone pits."

In Genessee county, N. Y., are the remains of a once large inclosure called "Bone Fort," within which was found a mound six feet high and thirty feet broad, made up of human bones, slightly covered with earth. On the northern shore of Ossipee Lake, New Hampshire, overgrown with heavy timber, is a mound ten feet high and forty-five feet in diameter; and on Tonnewanda Island, in Niagara river, is one originally fifteen feet high.

A tumulus near Parkersburg, in West Virginia is seventy feet high; and one near Miamisburg in Ohio is sixty-eight feet.

The quadrangular truncated mound of Cahokia, Illinois, opposite St. Louis, had, when in its integrity, and before it was encroached upon and swept away by modern improvement, an altitude of ninety feet and a circumference at the base of two thousand feet. That at Seltzertown, Miss., is six hundred feet long, four hundred feet broad at its base, and forty feet high, and covers six acres.

Several mounds have been found around Barrie in Canada, and near Penetanqueshene in the township of Jiny, a funnel-shaped pit has been discovered measuring fifteen feet in diameter and nine feet deep.

Another was found in the township of Oro, and still others in the Isle Ronde, situated near the extremity of Lake Huron.

In Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, large cemeteries have been discovered in which skeletons were found packed in rude coffins composed of flat stones placed in ranges of great extent. And in the neighborhood of Augusta, Kentucky, iron and articles of European origin have been unearthed, with skeletons, showing conclusively that this mode of burial must have been customary among the Indians up to a late period; while in the vicinity of Chicago, Illinois, near Waldheim cemetery, on the banks of the Desplaines river, are a group of low mounds, which have yielded skulls of such singular conformation, as to show without doubt that they are the crania of the "mound-builders," and not of the Red man. Similar ones have also been found along the Fox, Rock, Kankakee and Illinois rivers.

On the rock bluffs of the Osage river, and in the "Cherokee country," of the south, mounds of more recent origin than earthen mounds have been discovered. They are known as *Stone Mounds*, have an altitude of five feet and a diameter of twenty feet; and owe their origin, not to the mound-builders, but to the Indians.

Near Chester, Illinois, grave hills covering limestone *Cists*, each containing a skeleton, have been found. Similar cists have been seen in Missouri, Indiana and Tennessee. On the Pacific coast, *Shell*

Mounds, containing numerous skeletons of Indians, mostly in the sitting posture, are common.

Several similar mounds have also been observed in Indiana and along the banks of the Yazoo and Tennessee rivers.

Dolmens, which are common in England, as relics of the Druidical age, are seldom found in the United States. A few, however, have been discovered in southern Utah, on the extreme summit of the Snowy Range.

Urn burial, according to Dr. Blanding, appears to have been practiced to some extent in early times throughout the Southern States.

In the mounds near Camden, South Carolina, vases are found ranged one above another, and occasionally a skull may be seen placed face downwards over the mouth of a vase, thereby acting the part of cover to the vessel, which had evidently been too small to receive it.

The three principal modes of disposing of the dead have been embalming, incremation and interment.

Interment has a hundred-fold the variety of either embalming or incremation. "Earth to earth" and "Dust to dust" was the earliest, is the present, and will probably be the prevailing mode of burial through all time. Tradition buried Adam in the Island of Serendib, and for ages guarded his resting-place with mighty lions, while Eve was consigned to the Holy Land to round out her quiet sleep in dust.

With reference to the custom of incremation, we have no means of determining its origin, though the probability is that it arose from the desire to remove all possibilities of insult or ill-treatment of the dead.

The practice of embalming reached its highest state of perfection with the Egyptians. They put their wealthy through a process of spicing and drying which occupied a period of seventy days, and stowed them away in the tombs of Gizeh.

The Babylonians embalmed their dead in honey, and were bitter in their denunciation of incremation, deeming such a performance nothing less than sacrilege to the sun.

The Guanches, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Canary Islands, also rudely embalmed their corpses, by removing the entrails, drying the bodies in the air, and covering them with varnish.

Prescott says, that the ancient Peruvians preserved the bodies of their Incas after the Egyptian fashion, and that in early times mummies had an abiding place in Mexico.

Prof. Johnston, in alluding to the folly of this custom, remarks as beautifully as truly:

"Embalm the loved bodies, swathe them, as the old Egyptians did, in resinous cerements, and you but preserve them a little longer that some wretched plundering Arab may desecrate and scatter to the winds the residual dust. Or jealously in regal tombs and pyramids preserve the forms of venerated emperors or beauteous queens, still, some future conqueror,

or more humble Belzoni, will rifle the most secure resting-place. Or bury them in the most sacred places, beneath high altars, a new reign shall dig them up and mingle them again with the common earth. Or, more careful still, conceal your last resting place where local history keeps no record and even tradition cannot betray you: then accident shall stumble at length upon your unknown tomb and liberate your still remaining ashes."

The Thibetans cut in pieces the bodies of their dead, and either toss them into the lakes to feed the fishes, or expose them on the hill-tops for the benefit of the eagle or other bird of prey.

The Parsees lay their deceased in open stone receptacles placed on Dakhmas or "Towers of Silence," where Heaven-sent birds, the vultures, clean the bones, which in four weeks are removed, and deposited in wells of masonry, there to commingle with the dust of whole generations gone before.

The Ethiopians disposed of the dead either by throwing them into the river or by preserving them in their houses, after having deposited them in statues of gold, silver or baked clay, and inclosed the whole in a coffin of glass.

The ancient Bactrians, believing this a world of uses, dispensed with all funeral rites, suffered the bodies of their departed friends and relatives to be eaten by animals, and even provided for the removal of the enfeebled and helpless, whether through age or sick-

ness, by keeping large and savage dogs to devour them.

The ancient Greeks were enjoined by law to burn the dead, and yet the Athenians occasionally interred their bodies.

With the Romans, the deceased was allowed to remain unburied seven days before this rite was performed, and on each day was washed with hot water and fragrant oils.

The Burmese priests before burying a body, if it be one of rank, enclose it in a varnished coffin, sing hymns over it, and have a grand procession. They then place it on a pyre of precious woods erected for the occasion, which is afterwards ignited and allowed to burn till nearly consumed, when the body is snatched from the flames, and the charred remnants given decent burial in some adjoining graveyard.

The Mongol Tartars burn the bodies of their princes and chief priests, while the remaining Tartar tribes practice both incremation and burial.

The Tonquinese burn their dead, and store away the ashes in cinerary urns.

On the Himalayan slopes, the Sikkim burn the bodies of departed friends and relatives, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of heaven.

The Cheyenne Indian, like the ancient Scythian, hangs this "strange fruit" among the foliage of his native forests, a prey to the vulture, and the sport of every wind and storm, or else, encased in a covering of willows, places it with the feet southward upon a

platform in some cotton-wood tree, convinced that with an abundance of the necessities for the trip, in the shape of food, arms and tobacco, his spirit will eventually be gathered to Manitou, the protector of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The tribes of Oonalaska and Nootka Sound bury the dead on the tops of hills, place a little tumulus over the spot, and expect every passer-by to help erect a monument by throwing a stone on the heap.

Such, in brief, has been the order of things throughout many of the ancient and semi-barbarous "realms of peace."

But as we journey along through the silent land, the cotton-wood tree and the cinerary urn fade in the distance, the catacomb, the mound and the pyramid dissolve from view, and we come upon those "bowers of bliss," where "birds may carol at their own sweet will" to the patient sleepers beneath the sequestered shades of our modern cemeteries. As has been beautifully written, "Can 'couch more magnificent' be sought for than the beautiful open cemetery, festooned with richest foliage, and glorified with the sunshine, the incense of flowers and the chants of winds?

"How much better is it to place the remains of our loved ones beneath the green sod and the blue canopy of heaven, than in crowded crypts and corners of an antique abbey—the open temple of nature, than the contracted one of art."

"Our blessed Saviour," says Evelyn, "chose the

garden sometimes for his oratory—and dying, for the place of his sepulchre; and we do avouch, for many weighty causes, that there are no places more fit to bury our dead in than our gardens and groves or airy fields, *sub dis*, where our beds may be decked and carpeted with verdant and fragrant flowers, trees and perennial plants, the most natural and instructive hieroglyphics of our expected resurrection and immortality."

Many are the beautiful gardens of graves that are scattered through our land. New York has its Greenwood; Boston, Mount Auburn; Philadelphia, Laurel Hill; Chicago, Rose Hill and Calvary, Graceland and Oakwood; Savannah, its most beautiful of burying grounds, and each and every other city and town its own cemetery. Some of these acquire peculiar interest in that, side by side with their brothers of Revolutionary fame, sleep many of the heroes of civil strife who fell in the cause of liberty.

"All their conflicts ended now, and they in rest, which would be eternal but for that last trump which shall startle all the armies to the grand and ultimate review."

In the "dull churchyard" and amidst

> "Those hillocks of mortality,
> Where proudest man is only found
> By a small hillock in the ground,"

how appropriate the planting of such emblems as the ivy, the cypress and the pine, and the bedecking of the

graves with flowers; the cypress and the pine betokening death; and the ivy immortality, while the flowers, besides being beautiful in themselves, are suggestive of every other kind of beauty.

"Flowers," says Leigh Hunt, "are evidences of Nature's good nature; they neutralize bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; and anticipate the spring of heaven over their winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty, for while they make us regret our own like transitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore, of our wish with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realization."

In the "Cities of Silence" of Turkey, the graves are adorned with leaves of the palm tree, and marked by boughs of myrtle and cypress.

At funerals the Scandinavians strew the path to the grave with branches of box and fir, and occasionally with artificial flowers.

The Laplander uses evergreens, and the Welshman bay leaves.

White roses were often used as tokens of virgin purity and innocence, while as an emblem of frail mortality the rose was sometimes blended with the lily, and when hapless loves or sorrows crossed life's pathway, resort was had to the yew and the cypress.

So Stanley, in "The Exequies" mourns,—

"Yet strew
Upon my dismall grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypresse and yew;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth."

And Shakespeare, in those magic lines so beautiful and apposite, sings in a different strain:

"With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured hare-bell like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine; whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath."

In ancient times, the custom of burying the dead outside the cities was almost universal; a lesson worthy the imitation of modern communities.

Even the practice of embalming did not prevent the Egyptians from placing the dwelling places of the dead beyond the Nile.

The Ceramicus of the Athenians, the most beautiful suburb of their illustrious city, was situated without its walls.

Sparta's famous lawgiver, it is said, ordered interment within her walls, that her sons might become familiar with death.

The Mohammedans generally bury their dead outside the city in tombs either above or below the ground, made, as in New Orleans, of stone or brick, and stud-

ded with arched cavities of sufficient size to admit the coffined remains of the departed. Their immense graveyards present a strange and peculiarly gloomy appearance, "their white marble columns, surmounted by turbans, shimmering like ghosts through and above the groves of cypresses that always mark the last repose of the Moslem sleepers."

The Chinese have no cemeteries of any extent, every family in thickly settled parts of the country providing its own burial ground. As a people they are extraordinarily devoted to their dead, and usually select the fairest spots in the land for sepulture. So desirous are they all to be buried in the "Flowery Kingdom," that, as writes the Rev. C. W. Wendte: "The labor contract of the Coolie emigrant especially stipulates that in case of death his body is to be carried back to China, that his dust may mingle with that of his ancestors, and he may join their spirits in the ancestral temple. Otherwise, such is his strange superstition, his soul would wander about unknown, unhoused and unfed,—a stranger ghost in a foreign land."

The cemeteries of Russia are for the most part arranged at considerable distances from the towns, and are marked by groves of tall pines, which seem as emblematical of death to the Muscovite as cypresses are to the Moslem mind.

With the Romans inter-mural burying was not allowed except to a favored few. Their law was very severe against violators of tombs, and nobody could

be removed, even by friends, without official sanction. Yet the Roman burying places did not enjoy the legal sanctity of our own churchyards, but were simply set apart from the lands adjoining some highway by the proprietor. Hence particular care was taken that no opportunity should be afforded whereby the purpose of the owner might be defeated, or the property alienated to other uses. The avarice of the heir was especially watched, and the usual formula is: "Hoc monumentum hæredem non sequitur."—(H. M. H. N. S.)

One man, in order that his heir might not outwit him, and appropriate his burying-place, inscribes that he was of a "sound and disposing mind" when he made his will. Another makes it a condition of inheritance that his monument shall be commenced within three days after his death, and be built after a prescribed model. And many, to be certain about the matter, erected their own monuments during their lifetimes. Some not only willed to have a monument erected,but also bequeathed an annual sum for lighting a lamp and feeding it with oil. And it was more especially for the purpose of securing perpetual attention to these funeral rites, that the alienation of their burying grounds was so strictly forbidden.

But though the lamp at the tomb is lighted no more, yet the spirit of the Roman lives through the ages, and a college perpetuates the name of its modern founder. The symbol has vanished, and the sepulchre itself may remain in darkness, but the pure

light of learning immortalizes the memory of its patron. The festivals have ceased, but the beneficence of the dead will not be forgotten, so long as the charitable institution sustained by his wealth, exists to benefit the needy.

Following the erecting of monuments and antedating the consecration of graveyards comes the recording of inscriptions and the engraving of epitaphs.

Etymologically, an epitaph is simply an inscription on a tomb, and as such might be supposed to include the record of death. But many contend that the record forms no part of an epitaph, and that although it is an inscription on a tomb, yet every inscription so placed is not necessarily an epitaph, else we must include the sculptor's name, which is often appended.

The origin of epitaphs as traced by Camden is in accordance with this view, and we may obtain a tolerably clear idea of their first signification from his statement. He mentions that the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, "fyrst bewayled theyre master, when he was slayne, in doleful verse, called of him, *Œlinum*, and afterwards, *Epitaphia*, for that they were fyrst sung at buryals and after engraved upon the sepulchres."

From this it appears that the erection of the first monuments and the inscription of the first epitaphs, had one common cause—the love and respect entertained by the living for the dead. This high motive has not, however, always had the ascendancy; ever

and anon it has been replaced by vanity in all its emptiness, and as a legacy to the world we find sepulchral writings, devoid alike of beauty, sense and truth.

The earliest recorders of inscriptions of whom we have any satisfactory knowledge were the Egyptians, who placed upon their sarcophagi and coffins, the names, descent and functions of their embalmed relatives.

The Romans of early imperial times contented themselves with modest encomiums and statements of name, station and age. Subsequently we find a fuller enumeration of public services; and it is interesting to notice, that while they record the building of cities, the destruction of enemies, and other works of great men, yet few acts of social benevolence are mentioned. In this particular, the difference between them and inscriptions of modern date is most striking, and we search in vain through the darkness of those times for the works of a Howard or a Wilberforce. Later still, in addition to the trade or calling, are found rough forms of implements, a custom which continued down to the middle ages. No false shame troubled the people. The dealer in pigs engraves upon his tomb, "*negotiator suaris*," and the "clown of the city company of mountebanks" gravely inscribes on the sepulchre of Æmilia Irene, his wife, "stupidus gregis urbani."

A crusader has his effigy placed on his tomb in morion and cross-legged, as who should say, "I Walter Fitz-give-'em, Kt., having fought doughtily

in the Holy Land, and hewed many circumcised infidels, now rest *in pace. Odi profanum.*"

A baker makes his last resting-place in the form of an oven, and embellishes it with representations of his loaves, kneading trough and mill.

[A pilot in Greenwood cemetery declares his profession by his monument. A solid base supports his sarcophagus, on which is placed a capstan coiled with a cable, and this is surmounted by a mast, whose top is crowned by a beautiful statue of Hope leaning on her anchor and pointing to the skies. Carved on the sarcophagus, in bas-relief are two vessels in a storm, one representing his own, and the other the vessel he is piloting into port.]

A carpenter has left us the shape of the tools with which he fashioned the palaces of Rome, and it is singular that the "chisel" figured on the tomb is identical in form with the stone "celt" about which so much has been learnedly written.

Sometimes a request is urged with promises of fortune, threats of vengeance, or on the plea of humanity. Being placed usually along the great roads, tombstones were especially liable to spoliation, inasmuch as they formed a convenient place on which the travelers of those days eased their little minds. "*Scriptor parce hoc opus,*" is not the address of an author to his critic, but a husband to the scribbler to spare the monument of his wife.

The first six centuries after Christ are rich in Christian inscriptions of an eminently devotional character, and on the tombs we frequently find extracts from that Book which was their guide and comfort while living.

Soon, however, the introduction of heraldic devices reduced the religious character of inscriptions, and as the Christianity of the times became a power in Europe, and persecution ceased to purify faith, heathen precedents commenced to work, and though we do not find coarse, epicurean expressions, yet a trifling with death and its surroundings is evidenced by the witticisms and vagaries which gradually regained a position on monuments.

Survivors forgot that a tomb is no place for a biography, and in their vanity esteemed a brilliant record more than a true one. They lost the energetic conciseness that characterized the works of the ancient sculptors, knowing that in "lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath." Eulogies so fulsome as to be disgusting, and interminable records which tire the reader, appear, presenting a striking contrast to the simple and direct language of true sorrow. And although the Latin tongue—the most apt for the purpose—may have checked in some measure this degrading tendency, its influence ceased with its use, and of all the languages of to-day, the Italian, and, in a less degree, the Spanish, have caught the true spirit of classical antiquity.

Turning now more particularly to the graveyards of our own times and the epitaphs in our own lan-

guage, we find much that is worthy of admiration, also much that must certainly be condemned. It has been truly said that "cemeteries express the feelings and meet the wants of an altered time." A nation's warriors lie slain upon the battle-field; friends and relatives depart and pass the gate of death; science and art lose earnest worshipers; and the world mourns deeply the noble lives it could ill-afford to spare.

These are indeed altered times. The nations of modern date have emulated those of antiquity. The brave brethren of the defenders of Thermopylæ erected a monument, and inscribed thereon a sentence that must have thrilled through every Spartan breast: "*Go, passenger, and tell at Lacedæmon, that we died in obedience to her sacred laws.*" And through every part of this great country, monuments are found, which attest a nation's gratitude and reverence for her patriotic warriors of a hundred years.

Inscriptions on national monuments are not usually open to such grave objections as those on many memorials erected by private persons; for however faulty they may be æsthetically considered, they are, in most cases, written with some regard to common sense, and to the rules and proprieties of the English language. Being national and not private, they admit an amount of panegyric which would be fatal to the merit of any other monument. The other class, having many authors, presents many forms. One epitaph is beautiful in sentiment and feeling, and concise, as the language of sorrow should be. Another charms

the ear with the rhythm of its words and fineness of expression. A few—but how few!—succeed in harmoniously setting humor amidst gloomy surroundings. All these we admire and esteem as rich treasures, and worthy of a place in the "Holy Suburbs" of the Better Land. But there are others which have scarcely any recommendations. Some set both orthography and syntax completely at defiance. Others—not a few—repeat for the "benefit of a benighted world," the beautiful (?) lines, "Physicians were all in vain," etc., while an occasional straggler may be seen emulating the kingly example of Darius, who wished to have engraven on his tomb for the information of posterity, the following, "Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering."

The silly conceits and untimely witticisms on many monuments, are the shame of mankind, only fit for provoking the mirth and laughter of fools. And when we look at the fulsome eulogies on some marbles, we are tempted to ask again the question so aptly put by Lamb to his sister: "Mary, where do the *naughty* people lie?"

There is another class of epitaphs, which, perhaps, merit a milder form of censure, and which sometimes move the reader to pity, not so much on account of bereavement sustained by their authors, but because they persist in contemplating so intently and absorbingly the sufferings endured by the departed during life. Were it not in some measure ludicrous, it would

be indeed sorrowful that the living should thus harrow their feelings, by the consideration of sufferings passed, by placing a record thereof over the graves of their loved ones. The ancients can teach us a lesson in this: they seldom mention on their monuments the cause of death.

"There are no specific rules," says Pettigrew, "to determine the formation of modern epitaphs, either with regard to their construction or as respects their contents. They may recount the virtues and glorious actions of the deceased, and hold them up for our imitation; and they may also narrate the descent of the individual, and may mourn his loss. A moral or admonitory precept, too, may be added, and in this manner important instruction may be conveyed. An epitaph should unquestionably be brief, and should combine beauty of expression with tenderness of feeling. All that is expressive of love, sorrow, faith, hope, resignation and piety, should characterize an epitaph. It ought to be made almost exclusively applicable to the individual interred, and certainly not too long for remembrance. Its object is to record what is worthy of remembrance, and to excite sympathy in the beholder. True and genuine sorrow is never loquacious. In conveying consolation and admonition it should have reference to the common lot of all, and teach us to look up from the grave to a higher sphere of existence.

Fuller, in adverting to epitaphs, says of them: "The shortest, plainest and truest are the best. I say

the shortest, for when a passenger sees a chronicle written on a tomb, he takes it on trust some great man is buried there, without taking pains to examine who he is. I say also the plainest, for except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it."

The English language doubtless does not possess a grander than that inscribed to a celebrated actor, yet it has only five words: "*Here lies rare Ben Johnson*; and Wolfe's broken column has only the four words: "*Here died Wolfe, victorious;*" while a shattered headstone at St. Paul's, New York, bears in two words the most powerful utterance in that storied abode of death,—*My Mother!*

Perhaps no description of serious literature has ever afforded so much entertainment to the world as that of epitaphs. None, perchance, is so rich in materials.

Muriatori and the scholars of Italy were pre-eminent in the work of collection. Bruce, Stuart and others have done the same work for British monuments. Scaliger's two volumes contained almost all that was known on the subject at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Additions have been made to it by Gruter, Grævius and others. Webb also published a large collection of ludicrous, panegyrical and moral epitaphs in the year 1777. Kenrick's little work on Roman inscriptions in England is very good. Tissington's, Loarings and Pettigrew's collections are also worthy of mention. And the

"Christian inscriptions of the first six centuries" have been ably treated by Dr. McCaul, the learned President of the University of Toronto, Canada.

From these and other widely different sources, we learn that in every land in every time, all peoples practice and reverence funeral rites in some form, and cherish a certain solicitude and veneration for the lifeless body.

But "never has the tenement from which vitality has escaped, been held so precious as it is to-day. We make a fetich of it, though it turns to loathing under our sorrowing eyes. We perpetuate our wretched vanity in honoring insensate dust, and carve marble with sonorous fiction to hide the sordid facts of life. Very often we neglect and disparage humanity in the flesh, and esteem and eulogize him in the grave. Exanimation has more power than great deeds to make heroes, for the shadow of the tomb is a glamour to the living. "The earliest murmur of fame is frequently the echo of the first earth thrown on the coffin-lid. And yet of the disposition of the body after death, what matters it? No one may say who was wisest—the Egyptian who embalmed, the Greek who burned or the Celt who buried. It is of no import to the departed whether they be exposed to the birds of the air—like the Sioux Indians—or their tombs be covered with immortelles.

Then let us anticipate mortuary devotion by kindness to the living. Let us put our prospective mon-

uments into generous deeds this side the grave. Let us be so charitable and tender to our fellow-travelers journeying along the highway of life, that meeting them in the immeasurable future, they may remember us not by storied urns or eulogistic epitaphs, but by the gentleness and sympathy and helpfulness we have shown them, when little both in time and action counted much."

And as the last notes die away over the "wilderness of tombs," let us think of those words of Pope, which seem most apt:

"Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,
A man's good name is his best monument."

EMINENT PERSONAGES.

EPITAPHS

ON

EMINENT PERSONAGES.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread."—*O'Hara.*

EPITAPH ON GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IN the family vault at *Mount Vernon* repose, encased in a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, and enshrined in a people's love, the remains of one whose fame will ever, as now, fill the world.

HUMAN LIBERTY! was the order of his march as he glided gently down the stream of life; and now a nation's homage gathers round his memory.

Through a life of sixty-seven years, not a single spot can be found to dull the brightness of his character, and in all ages Americans will pronounce with love and reverence the name of George Washington.

On the lid of the sarcophagus are engraved the national emblem and this inscription, which appears

more like an advertisement of a marble mason, than a just tribute to the memory of so great a man:

WASHINGTON.

By the permission of
Lawrence Lewis,
The surviving executor of
George Washington,
this sarcophagus
was presented by
John Struthers,
of Philadelphia, Marble Mason,
A. D. 1837.

[Near the Battle Monument in the city of *Baltimore, Md.*, stands the Washington Monument, the corner-stone of which was laid July 4th, 1815. It was erected by the state of Maryland at a cost of $260,000, and was nearly fifteen years in building, the statue of Washington having been raised to its position October 19, 1829. The whole is constructed of white marble and has an altitude of 180 feet. The new National Monument of Washington, now in course of erection, will, when completed, stand 485 feet in air,—an altitude exceeding by five feet that of the boasted pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.]

ON THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Entombed at *Monticello, Va.*, rests one of the most conspicuous of American worthies, Thomas Jefferson, whose fame, as time dispels the mists of prejudice, will shine with ever-increasing luster.

The inscription on the tomb reads as follows:

Here lies buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

ON BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In a retired part of the burial ground at the corner of 5th and Arch streets, *Philadelphia*, surrounded by a neat iron railing—which was in 1858 substituted for the brick wall that originally inclosed the spot—rest the remains of the great statesman Franklin, side by side with those of the partner of his life.

The plain stone that covers their resting-place, although strikingly unworthy the memory, declares to us the beauty of his character far better than any epitaph. Its plan was contemplated by him before his death (1790), and particularly ordered in the following codicil to his will, dated 23d June, 1789: "I wish to be buried by the side of my wife if it may be, and that a marble stone to be made by Chambers, six feet long and four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edges, and this inscription:"

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.

At the age of twenty-three, while yet a journeyman printer, he wrote for himself this epitaph:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(Like the covers of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies food for worms;
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
by
The Author.

ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

Born Jan. 18th, 1782. Died Oct. 24th, 1852.

Echoing from the tomb of Webster comes the aphorism, "The gospel"—"a divine reality."

"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the Universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and re-assured me, that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it."—*Daniel Webster.*

ON JOHN ADAMS.

'Libertatem Amicitiam Fidem Retinebis.—
D. O. M. (Deo. optimo Maximo)"
Beneath these walls
Are deposited the mortal remains of
JOHN ADAMS,
Son of John and Susanna (Boyalston) Adams,
Second President of the United States.
Born 19-30 October, 1735.
On the Fourth of July, 1776
He pledged his Life, Fortune and Sacred Honour
To the Independence of His Country.
On the third of September, 1783,
He affixed his Seal to the definite treaty with Great Britain
Which acknowledged that Independence,
And consummated the redemption of his pledge.
On the Fourth of July, 1826,
He was summoned
To the Independence of Immortality
And to the Judgment of his God.
This House will bear witness to his Piety;
This Town his Birth-place, to his munificence;
History to his Patriotism;
Posterity to the depth and compass of his mind.
At his side
Sleeps till the Trump shall sound,
ABIGAIL,
His beloved and only wife,
Daughter of William and Elizabeth (Quincy) Smith.
In every relation of life a pattern
Of Filial, Conjugal, Maternal and Social Virtue.
Born 11-22 November, 1744.
Deceased 28 October, 1818.
Aged 74.

Married 25 October, 1764.
During a union of more than half a century

They survived, in Harmony of Sentiment, Principle and Aff.
The Tempest of Civil Commotion:
Meeting undaunted, and surmounting
The Terrors and Trials of that Revolution
Which secured the freedom of this country,
Improved the condition of their times,
And brightened the prospects of Futurity
To the Race of Man upon Earth.

Pilgrim,
From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn,
From Fancy's dreams to active Virtue turn,
Let Freedom, Friendship, Faith, thy soul engage,
And serve like them, thy Country and thy Age.

Alongside the grave of his father, and overshadowed by trees that had sheltered his head in the days of his childhood, in a plain tomb prepared under his own direction, and inscribed simply with his name, sleep the ashes of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ON WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

In the Palace Garden, *Quebec*, *Canada*, stands a monument erected to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, opposing leaders in the inter-colonial campaign of 1759, who died at the taking of Quebec, on the Plains of Abraham. Engraven on the monument is this tribute:

WOLFE — MONTCALM.
MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT
A. D. 1827.

[TRANSLATION.—Military virtue gave them a common death. History a common fame. Posterity a common monument.]

ON MONTCALM.

In the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, *Quebec*, may be seen this additional tribute to Marquis de Montcalm:

Honneur
a
MONTCALM.
Le destin, en lui derobant
La victoire,
L' a recompense par
Une mort glorieuse.

[TRANSLATION.—Honor to Montcalm. Fate, in denying him the victory, has recompensed him by a glorious death.]

ON JOHN HARVARD.

In piam et perpetuam memoriam
JOHANNIS HARVARDII,
annis fere ducentis post obitum ejus peractis
Academiæ quæ est Cantabrigiæ
Nov—Anglorum Alumni,
ne diutius vir de litteris nostris optime meritus
sine monumento quamvis humili jaceret
hunc lapidem ponendum curaverunt.

On the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1828,
this stone was erected by the
Graduates of the University at Cambridge
in honor of its founder
who died at Charlestown, Mass.,
On the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1638.

ON SAMUEL JOHNSON.

At *Stratford, Conn.:*

M. S. Samuelis Johnson, D. D., collegii regalis, Novi Eboraci, præsidis primi, et hujus eclesiæ nuper rectoris. Natus die 14 to. Octob. 1696, obiit 6 to. Jan. 1772.

If decent dignity and modest mien,
The cheerful heart, and countenance serene;
If pure religion, and unsullied truth,
His age's solace, and his search in youth;
If piety in all the paths he trod,
Still rising vig'rous to his Lord and God;
If charity, through all the race he ran,
Still wishing well, and doing good to man;
If learning, free from pedantry and pride,
Of faith and virtue, walking side by side;
If well to mark his being's aim and end,
To shine through life a husband, father, friend;
If these ambition in thy soul can raise,
Excite thy reverence, or demand thy praise;
Reader, ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,
Revere his name and be what he has been.

Myles Cooper.

ON GEORGE CLINTON.

At *Washington, D. C.:*

To the memory of George Clinton. He was born in the state of New York, on the 26 of July, 1739, and died at the city of Washington, on the 20 April, 1811, in the 73 year of his age.

He was a soldier and statesman. Eminent in counsel, distinguished in war, he filled with unexampled usefulness, purity and ability, among many other high offices, those of governor of his native state, and vice-president of the United States. While he lived, his virtue, wisdom and valour were the pride, the ornament and security of his country; and when he died he left an illustrious example of a well-spent life worthy of all imitation.

This monument is affectionately dedicated by his children.

ON THOMAS DAWES.

At *Boston, Mass.:*

Thomas Dawes, A. A. S., born 5 August, 1731, died, 2 January, 1809, ætat 78.

Of his taste for the Grecian simplicity in architecture, there are many monuments which he raised when that art was new to us.

The records of Massachusetts show that he was one of her active legislators from the year 1776, until he was 70 years old, when he retired with faculties unimpaired.

To the fiscal concerns of this metropolis, to its literary and other institutions he was a zealous friend.

He was an elector at the three first elections of president of the United States, and discharged various trusts to his own honor and the public good.

ON ELIHU YALE.

The monument of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, *New Haven, Conn.*, bears this inscription:

Under this tomb lyes interr'd Elihu Yale of Place Gronow, Esq., born 5th April, 1648, and dyed the 8th of July, 1721, aged 73 years.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived, in London died,
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

ON ELEAZAR WHEELOCK.

At *Hanover, N. H.:*

Hic requiescit corpus Eleazari Wheelock, S. T. D., academiæ

morensis et collegii Dartmuthensis fundatoris et primi præsidis. Evangelio barbaros indomnit et excultis nova scientiæ patefecit. Viator, i, et imitare, si poteris, tanta meritorum premia laturus. 1710 natus, 1779 obiit.

Here rests the body of ELEAZAR WHEELOCK, S. T. D. founder and first president of Dartmouth college and Moor's Charity School. By the gospel he subdued the ferocity of the savage, and to the civilized he opened new paths of science. Traveller, go, if you can, and deserve the sublime reward of such merit. He was born in the year 1710, and died in 1779. Pietate filii Johannis Wheelock hoc monumentum constitutum inscriptumque fuit, anno 1810.

ON WILLIAM CODDINGTON.

A sepulchral stone, mildewed with age, standing in the old cemetery at *Newport, R. I.*, bears the following inscription:

To the memory of WILLIAM CODDINGTON, ESQ., that illustrious man who first purchased this Island from the Narraganset Sachems Cannonicus and Matinomo, for and on account of himself and seventeen others, his associates in the purchase and settlement. He presided many years as Chief Magistrate of the Island and Colony of Rhode Island, and died much respected and lamented, Nov. 1 1678, aged 78 years.

ON JOHN COGGESHALL.

In the Ruggles-farm burying ground, *Newport, R. I.*, is a granite obelisk, the base of which is inscribed: "*To the memory of John Coggeshall, First President of this Colony: died Nov.* 27, 1649, *Æt.* 57." On the upper part is written, "*Erected by a Lineal Descendant*, 1855."

ON ETHAN ALLEN.

A tomb-stone near *Burlington, Vt.*, says:

The
Corporeal part
of
GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN
rests beneath this stone,
The 12th day of Feb., 1789
Aged 50 years.

His spirit tried the mercies of his God
In whom alone he believed and strongly trusted.

ON JOSEPH WARREN.

This epitaph may be seen on a monument erected to the memory of General Warren, in *Boston, Mass.:*

In honor of
JOSEPH WARREN,
Major-general of Massachusetts Bay:
He devoted his life to the liberties
Of his country;
and in bravely defending them, fell
an early victim,
In the battle of Bunker's Hill,
June 17, 1775.
The Congress of the United States,
As an acknowledgment of his services,
And distinguished merit,
Have erected this monument
To his memory.

ON HUGH MERCER.

General Mercer's monument in *Fredricksburg, Virginia*, bears the following:

Sacred to the memory of
HUGH MERCER.
Brigadier-general in the army of
The United States:
He died on the 12th of January, 1777, of
Wounds, he received on the 3d of the same month,
Near Princetown, in New Jersey,
Bravely defending the
Liberties of America.
The Congress of the United States,
In testimony of his virtues, and their gratitude,
Have caused this monument to be erected.

ON THE BRANTS.

Near the city of *Brantford*, *Ont.*, *Canada*, on the Indian reservation, stands a relic, known as the "old Mohawk church."* It was the first church built in Upper Canada, and was erected by Brant and his followers in 1785.

In a tomb just in the shadow of the church, on the right, rest the remains of Captain Joseph Brant or Thayendanegea, the noted chief of the Mohawks, during the American Revolution, and also those of his son, Capt. John Brant, or Tekarihogea, the warrior chief of 1812–15. On the tablet is the following inscription:

This Tomb
is erected to the memory of
Thayendanegea or
Capt. Joseph Brant,
Principal chief and
Warrior of
The Six Nation Indians,

*Frontispiece.

By his fellow subjects and
admirers of his fidelity and
Attachment to the
British crown.
Born on the banks of the
Ohio river 1742, died at
Wellington Square, U. C., 1807.
It also contains the remains
of his son Ahyouwaighs or
Capt. John Brant,
who succeeded his father
as Tekarihogea and
distinguished himself in
the war of 1812–15.
Born at the
Mohawk village, U. C., 1795,
Died at the same place, 1832.

ON SAMUEL UNCAS.

In the *Mohegan Burial-ground*, near *Norwich, Conn.*, is the following to the memory of the noted chiefs Uncas and Sunseeto:

SAMUEL UNCAS.

For beauty, wit, for sterling sense
For temper mild, for eliquence,
For courage bold, for things wauregan,
He was the glory of Moheagan—
Whose death has caused great lamentation
Both to ye English and ye Indian Nation.

ON SUNSEETO.

Here lies the body of Sunseeto,
Own son to Uncas, grandson to Oneeko,
But now they are all dead, I think it is *verheegen*.*

*Meaning, all well or good news.

ON ORONO.

At *Oldtown, Maine*, may be seen this epitaph on Orono, chief of the Penobscots, who died in 1801, aged 113 years:

Safe lodged within his blanket, here below,
Lie the last relics of old Orono;
Worn down with toil and care, he in a trice
Exchanged his wigwam for a paradise.

ON BUFFALO.

A stone in the old burial-ground at *Bayfield, Wis.*, bears this inscription:

BUFFALO,
Principal Chief of
the Chippewas of
Lake Superior.
DIED
Sept. 7th 1855
Aged 96 years.

ON O. H. PERRY.

In the Island cemetery at *Newport, R. I.*, may be seen a granite obelisk bearing this inscription:

Oliver Hazard Perry: at the age of 27 he achieved the victory of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813. Erected by the City of Newport.

Within the same inclosure rest the remains of his son, to whose memory is inscribed the following:

Christopher Grant Perry, eldest son of Commodore O. H. Perry: died 1854. An upright and good man. He was beloved

and valued for his virtue and usefulness; by his early death this community suffers a great loss: in the hearts of his family and friends lives daily the memory of his excellence as a sweet consolation in their enduring grief.

ON SIR ISAAC BROCK.

A tabular monument in *St. Paul's Cathedral*, on which Brock is represented as expiring in the arms of a British soldier, while an Indian is gazing sorrowfully on the scene, bears this inscription:

Erected at the public expense,
to the memory of
Major General
SIR ISAAC BROCK
who gloriously fell
on the 13th of October
MDCCCXII.,
in resisting an attack on
Queenstown
in Upper Canada.

[On Queenstown Heights, Ontario, in an inclosure of 40 acres—a gift from the government—a monument has been erected to the memory of this heroic officer.

The base of the monument is forty feet square and thirty feet high. The whole structure, including the statue, is 216 feet high, and stands on an elevation of 550 feet. It is ascended by 230 steps to a platform in the tower 200 feet from the ground, making 750 feet above Niagara River and Lake Ontario.]

ON ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

At *Whehock, N. J.:*

On this spot fell, 11 July, 1804, in the 47 year of his age, Major General ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

As an expression of their profound respect for his memory, and their unfeigned grief for his loss, the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York have erected this monument.

At *New York, N. Y.:*

To the memory of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. The corporation of Trinity Church has erected this monument in testimony of their respect for the patriot of incorruptible integrity, the soldier of approved valor, the statesman of consummate wisdom, whose virtues and talents will be admired by grateful posterity, long after this marble shall be mouldered into dust. He died, 12 July, 1804, aged 47.

ON THOMAS CLAPP.

At *New Haven, Conn.:*

Here lyeth the body of the reverend and learned Mr. THOMAS CLAPP, the late president of Yale College in New Haven; a truly great man, a gentleman of superior natural genius, most assiduous application, and indefatigable industry. In the various branches of learning he greatly excelled; an accomplished instructor; a patron of the college; a great divine; bold for the truth; a zealous promoter and defender of the doctrines of grace; of unaffected piety, and a pattern of every virtue; the tenderest of fathers and best of friends; the glory of learning and an ornament of religion; for thirteen years the faithful pastor of the church in Windham; and near 27 years, the laborious and faithful president of the college, and, having served his own generation, by the will of God, with serenity and calmness, he fell on sleep, the 7th day of January, 1767, in his 64th year.

Death, great proprietor of all,
'Tis thine to tread out empires,
And to quench the stars.

ON NORBORNE BERKELEY.

At *Williamsburg, Va.*, on the pedestal of lord Bottetourt's white marble statue is inscribed:

The right honourable Norborne Berkeley, baron de Bottetourt, his Majesty's late lieutenant and governor-general of the colony and dominion of Virginia.

Underneath his lordship's arms:

Rersurgo rege fevente.

On the north side:

Deeply impressed with the warmest sense of gratitude for his excellency, the right honourable lord Bottetourt's prudent and wise administration, and that the remembrance of those many publick and social virtues, which so eminently adorned his illustrious character, might be transmitted to latest posterity, the general assembly of Virginia, on the 20th day of July, anno Dom. 1771, resolved with one united voice to erect this statue to his lordship's memory.

At a small distance underneath:

Let wisdom and justice preside in our country, the people will rejoice and must be happy.

On the east side:

CONCORDIA.

On the south side, alluding to the figures of Brittania and America holding Olive branches which unite above an altar, from which a flame arises:

America! behold your friend! who leaving his native country, declined those additional honors, which were there in store for him

that he might heal your wounds, and restore tranquillity and happiness to this extensive continent. With what zeal and anxiety he pursued these glorious objects, Virginia thus bears her grateful testimony.

ON WILLIAM BRADFORD.

At *Philadelphia, Pa.:*

This tablet, sacred to the memory of William Bradford, late attorney-general of the United States, and formerly attorney-general and a judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, is inscribed by his disconsolate widow, as a solemn tribute of affection and respect. In private life he had acquired the esteem of all his fellow-citizens; in professional attainments he was learned as a lawyer, eloquent as an advocate; in the execution of his publick offices he was vigilant, dignified and impartial; yet in the bloom of life; in the maturity of every faculty, that could invigorate and embellish the human mind; in the prosecution of the most important services that a citizen could render to his country; in the perfect enjoyment of the highest honors that publick confidence could bestow upon an individual; blessed in all the pleasures which a virtuous reflection could furnish from the past, and animated by all the incitements, which an honourable ambition could depict in the future; *he has ceased to be mortal.*

A fever, produced by a fatal assiduity in performing his official trust, at a crisis interesting to the nation, suddenly terminated the utility of his publick career, extinguished the splendor of his private prospects, and on the 23rd day of May, 1795, in the 40th year of his age, consigned him to the grave, lamented, honored and beloved.

ON SAMUEL DONNELL.

At *New York, N. Y.:*

Here lies the body of the Hon. Samuel Donnell, Esq., one of the first counsellors of Massachusetts under their present charter, and justice of the peace and judge of the inferior court in the county of York. He died 9 March, 1717–18, in the 72 year of his age.

ON JOSEPH REED.

At *Philadelphia, Pa.*:

In memory of the virtues, talents, and eminent services of Gen. JOSEPH REED, born in the state of New Jersey, on the 27 of August, 1741. He devoted himself to the pursuit of knowledge, and early engaged in the study of the law. By his erudition, judgment and eloquence, he soon rose to the highest eminence at the bar: but at the call of his country, forsaking every private pursuit, he followed her standard into the field of battle, and by his wisdom in council and his conduct in action essentially promoted the revolution in America. Distinguished for his many public virtues, he was on the 1 of December 1778, unanimously elected president of this state. Amidst the most difficult and trying scenes, his administration exhibited disinterested zeal and firmness of decision. In private life accomplished in his manners, pure in his morals, fervent and faithful in all his attachments, he was beloved and admired. On the 5 of March 1785, too soon for his country and his friends, he closed a life active, useful and glorious.

ON THOMAS WILLETT.

At *Barrington, R. I.*:

Anno 1674. Here lyeth the body of the worthy THOMAS WILLETT, esq., who died 4 August, in the 64 year of his age, who was the first mayor of New York and twice did sustain that place.

ON RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

At St. Paul's, *New York, N. Y.*:

This monument is erected by the order of Congress, 25 January, 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct, enterprise, and perseverance of major general RICHARD MONTGOMERY, who after a series of successes amidst the most discouraging difficulties, fell, in the attack on Quebec, 31 December, 1775, aged 37 years.

ON JOHN GLOVER.

At *Marblehead, Mass.:*

Erected with filial affection to the memory of the hon. JOHN GLOVER, esquire, brigadier general in the late continental army, who died, 30 January, 1797, aged 64 years.

ON JOHN LELAND.

In the old *Cheshire Cemetery, Mass.*, is the following epitaph on Elder Leland, the man who carried the big cheese to Jefferson:

Here lies the body of
REV. JOHN LELAND,
Who labored 67 years
To promote piety and vindicate
The civil and religious liberty of all mankind.

ON G. M. AND J. H. HANCOCK.

In the *Yazoo City Cemetery* may be seen a stone bearing this inscription:

Here lie two grandsons of JOHN HANCOCK—first signer of the Declaration of Independence. (Their names are respectively George M. and John H. Hancock,) and their eminence hangs on their having had a grandfather.

ON ANTHONY WAYNE.

From the superb monument erected in the burial ground appertaining to *Radnor Church, Chester County, Penn.:*

In honor of the distinguished military services of major general WAYNE, and as an affectionate tribute of respect to his memory,

this stone was erected by his companions in arms, the Pennsylvania state society of Cincinnati, 4 July, A. D. 1809, thirty-fourth anniversary of the independence of the United States of America, an event which constitutes the most appropriate eulogium of an American soldier and patriot.

On another side of the monument is the following:

Major general ANTHONY WAYNE was born at Waynesborough, in Chester county, state of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1745. After a life of honour and usefulness, he died, in December, 1796, at a military post, on the shore of Lake Erie, commander in chief of the army of the United States. His military achievements are consecrated in the history of his country, and in the hearts of his countrymen. His remains are here deposited.

ON ISRAEL PUTNAM.

This monument is erected to the memory of the Hon. Israel Putnam, Esq., Maj. Gen. in the armies of the U. S. A., who was born at Salem in the province of Mass., on the 7th day of Jany., 1718, and died at Brooklyn in the state of Conn., on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1798.

Passenger, if thou art a soldier, go not away till thou hast dropped a tear over the dust of a Hero, who ever tenderly attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where any one dared to follow.

If thou art a patriot, remember with gratitude how much thou and thy country owe to the disinterested and gallant exertions of the Patriot who sleeps beneath this marble. If thou art an honest, generous and worthy man, render a sincere and cheerful tribute of respect to a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, and who with a slender education, with small advantages and without powerful friends, raised himself to universal esteem, and to offices of eminent distinction by personal worth, and by the diligent services of a useful life.

ON STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.

At "Douglass Place," *Chicago, Ills.*, stands a partially completed monument to the memory of Judge Douglass, who was born April 23d, 1813, and died June 3d, 1866.

The inscription reads:

"*Tell my children to obey the laws and uphold the constitution.*"

ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In Oak Ridge Cemetery, *Springfield, Illinois*, stands the National Lincoln Monument. It was erected by W. D. Richardson, under the direction of the National Lincoln Monument Association, and dedicated on October 15th, 1874.

It is now open for the inspection of visitors for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents, and the association may be congratulated in securing the services of so able a custodian as Mr. J. C. Power.

The ground plan of the monument measures one hundred and nineteen feet from north to south, and seventy-two and one-half from east to west. The height from the ground line to the apex of the obelisk is ninety-eight feet four and one-half inches.

The statue of Mr. Lincoln, writes Mr. Power in his Illustrated description of the Monument, stands on a pedestal projecting from the south side of the obelisk having the United States Coat of Arms in bronze, sunk in a recess on its front.

The Coat of Arms is somewhat modified, so that

the shield with part of the stars obscured supports the American Eagle. The olive-branch on the ground shows that having been tendered until it was spurned by the rebels, it was then cast under foot.

Then the conflict began, and raged until the chain of slavery was torn asunder, one part remaining grasped in the talons of the eagle, and the other held aloft in its beak. The Coat of Arms in the position it occupies on the monument is intended to typify the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Lincoln, on the pedestal above it, makes the whole an illustration of his position at the outbreak of the rebellion. He took his stand on the Constitution, as his authority for using the four arms of the war-power of the government—the Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and the Navy, which are to be represented in groups around him—to hold together the States which are represented still lower down the monument, by a cordon of tablets, linking them together as it were, in a perpetual bond of Union.

On the south front of the monument, just beneath the statue, and about thirty feet above the ground, raised letters a foot long may be seen, composing the one word,

LINCOLN.

This simple inscription, together with the names of the States, which are engraved on ashlars representing shields, constitutes all the lettering on the monument.

At the north front, is the Vestibule to the Catacomb. Inside the vestibule, in front of the central crypt—the catacomb being divided into five crypts—is a marble sarcophagus, enclosing a red cedar shell, within which is a tightly soldered lead coffin, containing all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln.

The north end or head of the sarcophagus is near the grated door of the vestibule, and bears the following inscription—the central word of which is surrounded by an oaken wreath, and this by that grand quotation from Lincoln's inaugural address:

"WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE."

LINCOLN.

"WITH CHARITY TO ALL."

Of such mighty benefactors of mankind, Wordsworth says, as they are not only known by the immediate Survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, they do not stand in need of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their works, in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration; or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue; or an intention communicated in adequate words of the sublimity of intellectual power,—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—

the only offering that upon such an Altar would not be unworthy:

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should lie hid,
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What needst thou such weak witness to thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument."

ADMONITORY EPITAPHS.

ADMONITORY EPITAPHS.

"Strive to live well:
And then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity."—*Randolph.*

In the old burying-ground in *Dorchester, Mass.*, we read:

"HERE-LIETH-BURIED-YE-BODY-OF
MR.-WILLIAM-POOLE-AGED-81-YEARS
WHO-DIED-YE-25TH-OF-FEBRUARY-IN
YE-YERE 1674.

Ye-Epitaph-of-William-Poole-which-hee-himself-make-while he-was-yet-living-in-remembrance-of-his-own-death-&-left-it-to be-ingraven-on-his-tomb-yt-so-being-dead-he-might-warn-posterity-or-a-resemblance-of-a-dead-man-bespeaking-ye-reader.

Ho-passenger-'tis-worth-thy-pains-too-stay
&-take-a-dead-man's-lesson-by-ye-way
I-was-what-now-thou-art-&-thou-shalt-be
What-I-am-now-what-odds-twixt-me-&-thee
Now-go-thy-way-but-stay-take-one-word-more
Thy-staf-for-ought-thou-knowest-stands-ye-next-dore
Death-in-ye-dore-yea-dore-of-Heaven-or-Hell
Be-warned-be-armed-believe-repent-fairewell.

A tombstone in the graveyard at *Newtown, Penn.*, has the following:

Here lies the body of William Evans, who departed this life, September the 29th, 1734, aged, 52 years.

My: pilgrim: race: I: ran: apace
My: resting:place is here:
This: stone: is: got: to: keep ye spot—
That men dig not too near.

At the cemetery in *New Preston, Conn.*, is an ancient stone, dated 1782, bearing these lines:

Ye people all now pass by,
Stop here and *vew* this place.
Remember shortly you must die
Who are of Adams race.

The following is from the tombstone of Charles Wyman, who died in 1785 and was interred in the old burying-ground near *Boston:*

Beneath these clods of silent dust,
I sleep where all ye living must;
The gayest youth and fairest face,
In time must be in this dark place.

From the old west burying-ground in *Litchfield, Conn.:*

Wife and children 12
Behold and see
Prepare in time
To follow me. 1785.

In memory of
Mr. Samuel Cutter
who departed this life

April 7th, 1791,
Aged 55 years.

A sov'reign God, who set my bounds,
Did quickly take my breath,
Be ready then each hour you live
To meet an instant death.

At *Andover, Mass.:*

John Abbott, 1793, æt. 90.
Grass, smoke, a flower, a vapor, shade, a span,
Serve to illustrate the frail life of man;
And they, who longest live, survive to see
The certainty of death, of life the vanity.

At *New Preston, Conn.:*

1794.
Here lies interred a blooming youth,
Who lived in love and died in truth.
Behold and see as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me.

An old gravestone at *Kennebunk, Maine*, has the following:

Rev. Daniel Little, 1801.
Memento mori! preached his ardent youth,
Memento mori! spoke maturer years;
Memento mori! sighed his latest breath,
Memento mori! now this stone declares.

On big William Smith, killed by the Pennamites, in the *Wyoming Valley, Penn.:*

1784.
Here lies the body of

WILLIAM SMITH
Mortals attend—he was
called forthwith.
He left the world at
twenty-five.
A warning to all
that's yet alive.
His zeal for justice
Tho' hard to relate,
It caused his flight
from this mortal state.

A tombstone in *Princeton, Mass.*, bears this inscription to the memory of twins, one of which, however, seems to be *non est:*

Erected in memory of
Mr. Ephraim Jones, son of
Major and Mrs. Mary Jones,
who died June 21st, 1784 Æ. 27 years.

In womb of Mother Earth enclosed
These fleeting Twins ly here repos'd
In sprightly youth resign'd their Breath
United both in life and Death

On a stone in the graveyard at *Westfield, Mass.*, may be seen this non-committal inscription:

Kind reader:—this stone informs
you who we are; what we were we
tell you not. What we ought to
have been, that be thou, where we
now are you will know hereafter.
Remember that Christ is the resurrection and the life.

From *Hadley, Mass.:*

Here lies buried
the Remains
of
John Dwight
fourth son of Rev. Timothy Dwight
President of Y. College,
and Mary his wife.
This youth was born at Greenfield
in Connecticut
Sept. 1st 1784.
And died in Hadley July 25 1803.
in the 19th year of his age, the next
after he had received the degree of
Bachelor of Arts in that Seminary.

Reader

If thou art a youth of hopeful talents, an enlightened education and an intence love to knowledge, a disposition distinguished by amiableness and a life by filial duty, fraternal affection, and universal gentleness of demeanor:

Remember
That with all these advantages thou art
destined to the grave and to Eternity!
There was hope in his end.
May there be hope in thine.

From a stone in the burying-ground at *Hadley, Mass.:*

In memory of
Miss Mary Cook, who
died
Aug. 5th, 1806, in
32d year of
her age.
Look on my friends and see

What you must shortly be;
When God sends death you all must die
And feel his dart as well as I.

From *Amherst, Mass.*, comes the following:

Sacred to the Memory
of Moses Dickinson
Esqr. Who quit this
dusky Stage In the
86th year of his age.
Which was on April
ye 9th, 1803.

Death is not an eternal sleep,
Therefore my friends you need not weep;
But look by faith beyond the grave,
That you some soled peace may have.

A stone by the roadside in *Hadley, Mass.*, bears the following:

To the memory
of
Chester Smith
Fourth Son of Mr. Joseph Smith
Who on this spot was instantly killed
By the upsetting of a load of wood
January 25 AD 1810.
Ætats 19rs.

Passenger
Hast thou a son of promising hopes
Set not thine heart upon him. With
submission resign him to that Being, who
destroyeth the hopes of Man.
Art thou a youth *endued* (?) with vigor
and blooming in expectation of future

earthly joys. Remember that man
knoweth not his time as the fishes are
taken in an evil net and as the birds are
caught in a snare, so are the sons of men
snared iu an evil time when it falleth
suddenly upon them.

From *Tarrytown, N. Y.*:

In
Memory of
Louisa Deutcher
Daughter of John
and Jemima Deutcher,
who departed this life
June 22d 1814,
aged 13 years, 6 months,
and 18 days.

Hark, my young friends the arrows
Of death now rides swiftly along
She was one of our number just in her bloom
She is called away by death and staid in the tomb.

Although she is dead she is speaking to you
Be prepared for to meet the last troubles of life
That your spirit may be carried
To the mansions of light.

Although she is dead she invites you to come
Look you in the churchyard and read it with care
Remember it is nothing before our bodies lie there
For there she lies moulding and turning to clay.

A tombstone in the cemetery at *New Haven, Conn.*, erected to the memory of Elizabeth Day, wife

of James Day, one of the former Presidents of Yale College, bears this inscription, written by herself:

I would not wish that those I love,
Should wander here at close of day
And think of her o'er whom they rove
As dwelling only with decay.

No, but in each familiar spot
That both to them and me is dear,
There I would not be all forgot,
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear.

At *Milford*, *Penn.*, is the following:

JOHN BRECK,
departed this life April 19, 1819, aged 11 yrs—

Come all ye mourners to the tomb
See here a youth cut off in bloom,
Although he's hurried to his last
We hope the Lord hath found him rest.

This be a warning to ye all
Should at your house a sick youth call,
It's not a secret for to keep,
But let his parents know of it.

Inscribed on a tombstone in the graveyard at *Hadley*, *Mass.*, is the following:

Roger R— son
of
Windsor and Elizabeth Smith,
died
2 Nov. 1819, Æ. 23.

Youth! canst thou heedless view
The relics of the dead:
O think: beneath your feet
There lies your likeness.

A stone in *Bedford* burying-ground, *Mass.*, has this couplet:

An angels arms can't snatch you from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine us here.

In the burying-ground at *Sturbridge, Mass.:*

Horace Fisher, son of Rev. Arial and Betsey Fisher,
Born, Nov. 16, 1817, Died at Pawtucket, R. I.
Jany 22, 1836, aged 18.

He was fitted for Brown University, but four weeks previous to the commencement for 1835, he had an attack of bleeding from the lungs, which terminated in a fatal consumption, and thus his hopes for this life, and the hopes of his friends were all blasted.

In the death of this Son a Father weeps over the last of a once lovely family who all here sleep silently together awaiting the morning of the Resurrection while he is expecting soon to lie down with them in the long sleep of death.

Young Man, boast not of thy youth, thy strength, and thy golden prospects, they are no security against the shafts of Death.

"*Prepare to meet thy God.*"

The three following come from *Sturbridge, Mass.:*

My lifes ben short
My soul has fled
And I am numb
ered with the dead.

Death is a debt
to nature due,

which I have paid
& so must you.

His dust waits till the jubilee,
Shall then shine brighter than the sky,
Shall meet and join to part no more
With goodly parents thats gone before.

In an old graveyard at *Grafton, Vt.*, stands a double head-stone bearing the following inscriptions and epitaphs:

Thomas K. Park, Jr., and 14 children of Thos. K. and
Rebecca Park.
Youth, behold and shed a tear,
See fourteen children slumber here;
See their image how they shine
Like flowers of a fruitful vine.

In memory of Rebecca, wife of Mr. Thomas K. Park,
who died
Sept 23, 1803, in the 40th year of her age.
Behold and see as you pass by
My fourteen children with me lie,
Old and young you soon must die
And turn to dust as well as I.

The following is an inscription which may be found on a gravestone in the burial-ground at *Windsor, Maine:*

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas,
an inglishman by birth
A Whig of '76.
By occupation a cooper
Now food for worms.
Like an old rum puncheon

Marked, numbered and shooked.
He will be raised again
and finished by his creator.
He died Sept. 28, 1824; aged 75.
America my adopted country
My best advice to you is this
take care of your liberties.

The four following are from gravestones in Calvary Cemetery near *Chicago, Ill.:*

Here lies the body of
John R——
Died Jany 13th 1854, aged 32 years.
Remember man, beware my doom is thine
Learn through me, to observe the Laws divine,
I had been what thou art here this day,
Like me you soon must sleep within the clay.

Mary
wife of
Michael K——
Died Sept 19th 1862
Aged 47 years.
Remember man as you pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now, so shall you be
Prepare for death and follow me.

Wm C——
Died May 18th 1862
Aged 32 years.
Go home my wife and dry up your tears
Here I lie till Christ appears,
When he comes I mean to rise
Into a life that never dies.

Edward R——
Died Aug. 3d 1867
Aged 35 years.
Farewell dear wife my life is past
My love to you while life did last,
And after me no sorrows take
But love my orphans for my sake.

In a *Saratoga* cemetery is a tombstone with the following inscription:

Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C., and wife of Theodore S., died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ 26 years, leaving five children—Married too young against her father's will. Single women, take warning.

From *Montgomery, Alabama*, comes this admonition:

Stop as you pass by my
Grave. Here, I
John Schockler, R .... Ey.
rest my remains.
I was born in N. Orleans
the 22d of Nov. 1841,
was brought up by good
friends; not taking their
advice, was drowned,
in this City
in the Ala. River,
the 27th of May 1855;

Now I warn all young and old, to beware of the dangers of this River, see how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn.

From a Churchyard in *Pennsylvania:*

Eliza, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
To her dear John, *who died of eating crab.*

On a gravestone in *Ryegate, Vt.*, may be found the following lines:

In memory of ———

He died in July, in the Eightieth year of the American Era. He was an active, honest, and successful merchant, and a firm Democratic representative in the Legislature of Vermont. He died as he lived—happy.

I lived on earth; I died on earth;
In earth I am interred;
All that have life are sure of death:
The rest may be inferred.

On a tombstone in *New Jersey* is this significant couplet:

Julia Adams,
Died of thin shoes, April 17th 1839, aged 19 years.

A tombstone at *Sturbridge Mass.*, bears the following dialogue:

Sarah S. daughter of Elijah & Lydia Gibbs
died Feb. 8, A. D. 1843
Aged 20

"*The memory of the just is blessed.*" *Prov.* 10.7.

This monumental marble is placed here by Saml. P. Crawford of Woodstock, in grateful remembrance of Miss G. who was his particular friend.

There was a time, that time is past,
When youth, I bloomed like thee,
The time will come, 'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me.

Sarah

Sleep, Sarah, Sleep, & take thy rest,
God called thee home, he thought it best.

Preston.

From a tombstone in *Connecticut:*

Tis child and tomb who from the womb
Remind us of our death—
All's vanity, for we must die
And gone as in a breath—

Glory to God, the Lord of Hosts,
By Quakers, Friends and Holy Ghosts,
Let saints and angels all be blest,
Our souls ascend and bodies rest.

From the grave of a singing-master in the churchyard of the village of *Harpole:*

He *larned* singing far and near
Full twenty year and more;
But fatal death hath stopped his breath,
And he can *larne* no more.
His scholars all that are behinde,
Singing he did unfold;
Exhorting all their God to minde,
Before they turn to molde.

On Mr. Daniel Noyes' tomb-stone:

As you are, so was I
God did call and I did dy,
Now Children all whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ
Your only choice.

On a tombstone at *Gettysburg, Penn.:*

Remember man as
you pass by that
you must die as well as I.

On the tombstone of Mr. Thomas Clark, who died at the age of 84, and his wife who died several years after at the same advanced age, may be found the following stanzas:

The father's voice is heard no more,
Though spared to fourscore years and four,
Let sleeping dust in accents cry,
To children dear prepare to die.

Advanced in life to equal years,
The mother also disappears,
Let death the warning still repeat,
Prepare your friends in heaven to meet.

The following is from the Potter's-field at *Yorkville, Canada:*

Come all young men as you pass by
And stop and read before you cry.
I am the mother of 7 children,
4 sons have I.
3 of them was wicked and wild which
caused me here to lie.

The 8th of April I walked to the jail. I saw my son in chains. The 16th of April I took my bed, the 25th then I died. I have an honest and industrious husband that you all know so well. He provided a living for us while travelling here below. My sister, standing by my side, thus to me did say:—'HAVE YOU MADE YOUR PEACE WITH THE LORD? I answered 'YEA.' I bowed my head, closed my eyes, and said, 'good by, my friends, good by: I have no more to say.'

In Rose Hill Cemetery near *Chicago, Ill.*, is a monument bearing this inscription:

LUDLAM.
In this retreat of Natures quiet joy

Be sacred ground here let the forms that bear
Our hearts upon them lie in peace.
Here let our own mortality drop down to rest
Here let us come to learn and feel how small
The interest of time—how vast the worth
Of that which hath no end.

On the tombstone of a *Connecticut* deacon's wife:

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit;
The wife of deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

From *Charleston, South Carolina:*

Reader, I've left this world, in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to get rich,—
Just such a fool as you.

On an unfortunate deacon we have the following:

Here lies the body of Deacon Spear,
Whose mouth did reach from ear to ear,
Stranger tread lightly o'er the sod
For if he yapes your gone—by cod.

On the wife of an early settler:

She the first tenant of this lonely yard
Where ne'er before a mourners voice was heard.
Dear friends and neighbors I view her peaceful home,
A few more days and hither to you must come.

A tombstone on *Long Island*, erected by a sea-

captain over his third wife, bears the following suggestive lines:

Behold ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie,
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God:
Just but severe his chastening rod.

From a churchyard in *Maine:*

Here beneath this stone there lies,
Waiting a summons to the skies,
The body of Samuel Jinking.
He was an honest Christian man,
His fault was that he took & ran
Suddenly to drinking.
Whoever reads this tablet o'er,
Take warning now and drink no more.

From *Connecticut:*

My fellow Youth, stop here awhile,
And see my monumental pile;
Once I like you alive: But ah!
Am nothing now but native clay.

From Calvary Cemetery, near *Chicago, Ill.:*

Stop, sinner, and consider
What is your mortal state
Repent and be converted
Ere it be *to* late.

This is from a tombstone in *East Tennessee:*

She lived a life of virtue and died of the Cholera, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years 7 months and 16 days. Reader go thou and do likewise.

From a tombstone in *Massachusetts:*

I came in the morning—it was Spring
And I smiled,
I walked out at noon—it was Summer,
And I was glad,
I sat me down at even—it was Autumn,
And I was sad,
I laid me down at night—it was Winter,
And I slept.

In Calvary Cemetery, near *Chicago*, *Ill.*, is a tombstone bearing this inscription:

Go home my wife, dry up your tears,
I am not dead, but sleeping here,
I am not yours, but Christs alone—
He loved me best, to Him I've gone.

From the old burial-ground of the beautiful town of *Ridgefield*, *Connecticut*, we have the three following:

To her whose memory we record,
All words are wrote in vain;
But to the living it affords
Her age, and death, and where she's lain.

Remember this as you walk round,
All must return into the ground;
For by transgression in the garden
Adam did receive his warning;
And as God's word does prove true,
I have returned, and so must you.

Death the great conqueror, has took my friend away,
Rest here, until the great judgment day;
No dropping tear or pardner's aching heart
Can secure from deaths most cruel dart.

At *Ipswich, Mass.:*

Death is a debt to nature due,
We've paid the debt, and so must you.

This comes from a tombstone in *New Jersey:*

Reader pass on! dont waste your time
On bad biography and little rhyme;
For what I *am* this crumbling clay insures,
And what I *was*, is no affair of yours!

In a churchyard in *Connecticut*, is a tombstone, the inscription on which concludes thus:

In usual health I left my home
To see my friends abroad
There God sent death and cut me down
O reader be prepared.

A gravestone in the old west burying-ground, *Litchfield, Conn.*, has this inscription:

Death conquers all
both young and old
tho' ever so wise, discreet and bold
in *helth* and strength this youth did die
in a moment without one cry
Killed by a cart.

The following beautiful stanza is copied from the tomb of Mrs. D——, *Trenton, New Jersey:*

The meed of merit ne'er shall die,
Nor modest worth neglected lie,
The fame that pious virtue gives,

The Memphian monuments outlives.
Reader, wouldst thou secure such praise,
Go, learn Religion's pleasant ways.

From a tombstone in *Philadelphia, Pa.:*

Zum gedachtniss des wohl chuv. Herrn pfarrers JOHN CONRAD STEINERS, welcher zu Winterthur in der Schweiz den 1 ten. January 1707 geboren; im October, 1749, nach Philadelphia in Pensylvanien gekommen; und nach dem er uber, 12 jahr, zu stadt und land das predigtamt treulich ver waltet, von seinem meister und erzhirten Jesu, hen 6 ten. July, 1762, in die ewige freid geruffen; seinis alters 55 jahr, 6 monat, und 6 tage.

Gelehrter, hier kanst du dein bild im grabe sehn und denke nur gewisz, es wird dir auch so gehn richtst du dein lehramt so wie, der hier ruhet ein, wird deine wissenschaft und lehr nicht schadlich seyn; wirst du wie er verfolgt, und streitst so fur den Herrn, kanst du an einem tag auch leuchten als ein stern.

[TRANSLATION.—In memory of that honored minister, JOHN CONRAD STEINERS, who was born at Winterthur, in Switzerland, 1 Jan. 1707, arrived in Philadelphia, Penn., in October, 1749, and after having faithfully labored in the work of the gospel ministry, for upwards of 12 years, both in city and country, was called by his master and chief shepherd Jesus, 6 July, 1762, into eternal joy. His age was 55 years, 6 months, and 6 days.

Man of learning, here you may see your image in the grave; think certainly so also it must be with thee. If thou like him thine office shalt discharge, then science, learning, shall not injure thee. If, like him persecuted, thou shalt so contend for God, thou also like a star mayest shine in the great day.]

DEVOTIONAL EPITAPHS.

DEVOTIONAL EPITAPHS.

"Nay, but 'tis not the end:
God were not God, if such a thing could be."
—*Phœbe Cary.*

Fragments of the following beautiful epitaph may be seen gracing tombstones in many of our churchyards:

"WEEP NOT," ye mourners for the dead,
But in this hope your spirits soar,
That ye can say of those ye mourn,
They are not lost but gone before.

Christ to the widow'd mother said,
"*Weep not*," and thus He healed her pain;
And now to ye who mourn, He says,
"*Weep not*," ye all shall meet again.

And in this hope we live, that death,
Who plucks from earth its fairest flowers,
Doth give them back to God again,
To plant in brighter lands than ours.

In *Newburyport, Mass.*, is an old gravestone bearing these words:

A resurrection to immortality is here expected for what was mortal of the Reverend Mr. John Richardson, once fellow of Harvard College, afterwards teacher to the church of Newbury.
Put off April 7, 1676.

On an ancient stone at *Middletown, Conn.:*

Beneath thys stonne
Death's pris'ner lyes;
The stonne shalle move,
The pris'ner ryse—1682.

From the "Old West burying-ground" in *Litchfield, Conn.:*

Beneath this stone
Deaths prisoner lies
The stone shall move
The prisoner rise—1762.

Beneath this ground
his body must lie
Until the resurrection day—1775.

Lo here I leave this earthly clay
And fly beyond ethereal blue
Unchanged into eternal day
To sing the praise of God anew—1790.

On the Revd. Samuel Newel's tomb, *Bristol, R. I.:*

—1789—
Death! Great Proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out Empires, and to quench ye Stars.

At *New Preston, Conn.:*

—1800—

Blest is the chieftain whose decease,
Transmits his soul to endless peace,
Whose flesh still slumbers in the dust
'Till waked to join the rising just.

At *Watertown, Mass.:*

Here lies
buried the body of
Mrs. Abigail Stone
Relict to Mr. Ebenezer Stone, Junr.
She departed this life March 31
1789, aged 71 years.

O how the Resurrection light,
Will clarify Believers' sight;
How joyful will the saints arise:
And rub the dust from off their eyes;

My soul my body I will trust
With him who numbers every dust;
My Saviour faithfully will keep,
His own, for death is but a sleep.

From *Copp's Hill Boston, Mass.:*

Sacred
to the memory of
Mrs. Sarah Mellish, who
departed this life
Jan. 7, 1817, aged 82 years.
Lively I walked life's journey through,
'Till I arrived at eighty-two;
Then calm descended here to rest,
In hope to be forever blest.

From *Hollis, New Hampshire:*

Our Little Jacob
Has been Taken Away from this EARTHLY GARDEN
To Bloom
In a superior Flower-pot
Above.

From Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago:*

Madora M——
died July 23-1848.
—Aet, 11 months & 11 days—
Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there.

At the *Necropolis, Toronto, Canada:*

The beloved Children of
William and Mary Robins.
The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven:
The briefer life, the earlier Immortality.

From a burying-ground near *Carronbrook, Ont., Canada:*

Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die;
Under this stone an infant's ashes lie,
Say, is it lost or saved?
If death's by sin, it sinned, because 'tis here;
If heaven's by works, it can't in heaven appear:
Ah! Reason, how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page: the knot's untied;
It died thro' Adam's sin; it lives—*for Jesus died.*

This epitaph taken from Richmond's "Annals of

the Poor," may be seen on an ancient stone at *Richmond, Va.:*

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

In the burying-ground at *Northampton, Mass.*, is a stone inscribed:

LITTLE MARY
WITH US 5 WEEKS. OUR FATHER
TOOK HER HOME, JULY 31, 1854.
BRIDGMAN.

Bedford, Mass., has a tombstone with this stanza:

This body moulderin in the dust
Early cut down and slain
So by the righteousness of Christ
Shall be alive again.

From *Delaware, Ohio*:

Blessed are the homesick,
For they shall get home.

Epitaph on a boatman copied from a tombstone in Deal Churchyard, *Canada:*

In memory of ———
—who died March 22d 1850, aged 74—
Full many a life he saved
With his undaunted crew;
He put his trust in Providence,
AND CARED NOT HOW IT BLEW.

On a tombstone in Calvary Cemetery, *Chicago*, are these lines:

Thomas B——
Died Dec. 4, 1862.
—Aet, 10 years—
Long illness did he bear
Physicians were in vain
Till God did please
To give him ease
And free him from all pain.

Also:

Edward P——
Died
Oct 3—1868—
—Aged 6 years and 10 months—
Sleep on dear Eddie
And take your rest
God called you home
He thought it best.

And this:

Alice L——
Born May 7—1869—
Departed this Life
Nov 12—1869
—Rest in the Lords Peace—

At Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago*, is the following:

Our Mattie
Born July 22, 1853
—Died July 1870—
She went home with the Angels, the Angels of God,
Only leaving her body to sleep,
Forever that sweet form in its coffin was laid,
She went up to Heaven and was not afraid.

A gravestone on *Long Island, Maine*, has these lines:

Farewell! my dear husband saith she,
Now from your kind bosom I *leap*—
To Jesus my Bridegroom to be—
My flesh in the tomb shall soon sleep.
Now like a disconsolate dove
I'm left all alone for to mourn
Oh! may the kind Saviour above,
Show pity to me while alone.

From the burying-ground at *Monadnock, N. H.*, come these two:

—Sally—
Our babe's an angel up in Heaven
We hope her sins are all forgiven.

We had a darling little boy,
He was our comfort and our joy,
In spite of all that we could say
Dear Jesus took his soul away.

From *Bridgewater, Mass.:*

Here lies buried Mrs. MARTHA ALDEN, the wife of Mr. Eleazar Alden, who died, 6 January 1769, aged, 69 years.

The resurrection day will come
And Christ's strong voice will burst the tomb;
The sleeping dead, we trust will rise
With joy and pleasure in her eyes,
And ever shine among the wise.

At *Baltimore, Md.:*

In memory of WILLIAM BRADFORD, JOSEPH, ANNA MARIA,

Joseph Hutchins, and Anna Catharine, children of the rev. Joseph G. J. Bend, and Mary B. Bend his wife, who have been, in the merciful and wise providence of their heavenly Father, taken away from the evil to come, and added to the angelick choirs.

Thy will, O Lord, be done.

At *Hanover, N. J.:*

In memory of Mrs. Katharine Eckley, who by a sudden accident, died, 18 August, A. D. 1772, anno aetatis 46.

To this sad shrine the reliques we commend
Of, once, the tender mother, wife and friend;
Too soon, alas! those tender tyes were broke
Friends, husband, children felt the fatal stroke;
Yet cease, fond grief, no murmuring sigh arise,
Heaven struck the blow, and heaven is just and wise.
Think, dying passenger, life's final date
Steals on thee heedless of impending fate.
While pleasure courts thee with her smiling charms,
Prepare to meet thy God, the tomb alarms.

"*Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.*"

Job. 14–2.

On a plain marble stone in an old *Canadian* cemetery is this brief inscription:

Our mother
Fell asleep
Dec 25th 1837.
Æ 49.
When will morning come?

From *Elizabeth N. J.:*

Here lies, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the body of David Ogden, who was born 26 October, O. S. 1726, and who died in the triumphs of faith, 28 November, N. S. 1801. For 57 years he

adorned the Christian profession by a holy and exemplary life, and for 15 years discharged the duties of a deacon to the first presbyterian church in this town, with prudence, fidelity, and acceptance.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Saviour's breast;
His Saviour kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his limbs to rest.

From *Greenland, N. H.:*

To the memory of SAMUEL MACCLINTOCK, D. D., who died, 27 April 1804 in the 72 year of his age, and 48 of his ministry.

His body rests here in the certain hope of a resurrection to life and immortality, when Christ shall appear the second time to destroy the last enemy, death, and to consummate the great design of his mediatorial kingdom.

From *New York, N. Y.:*

Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM BEEKMAN, jun. son of John and Mary E. G. Beekman, who died of the epidemick fever, at the Wallabought, on Long Island, 24 October, A. D. 1805, aged 11 years, 8 months, 24 days.

'Till the last hour of general doom
May angels guard the precious trust,
Lock the cold chamber of his tomb,
And keep secure his sleeping dust.

May joys celestial him await,
When risen from the gloomy grave;
Then shall he share the happy fate
Of those, whom Jesus died to save.

From *Frankfort, Penn.:*

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chink's styl'd organs dim life peeps at light,
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day.

From *Albany, N. Y.:*

I. H. S. Departed this life, 17 January, 1813 in charity with all men and in hope of a happy resurrection through the merits of a crucified Redeemer, THOMAS BARRY, a native of Ireland and 45 years, a worthy citizen of Albany, aged 75 years and one month. R. I. P.

From *Providence, R. I.:*

This monumental stone is briefly commemorative of the virtues, which adorned the life of Mr. JOHN ROGERS, merchant, native of Newport, Rhode Island, but more than thirty years, a respected inhabitant of Providence. He departed this life on the 17 day of July, Anno Domini 1810, in the 54 year of his age. His character, as a man, was estimable; as a merchant, eminent; as a husband, exemplary; as a parent anxiously affectionate. His heart beat responsive to the touch of fraternal affection and glowed with the purest emanations of fervent friendship. The remembrance of his dying expressions of faith and trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of the divine Redeemer, is cherished with pensive satisfaction, by his surviving relatives, one of whom hath caused this frail memorial to be erected and it is her consolation to believe that his virtues are recorded with an angel's pen in heaven's high chancery.

From *Portsmouth, N. H.:*

She died, and guardian angels on the wing
Upbore her spirit to th' eternal king;
There at the fountain of immortal joy,
Unceasing pleasures flow without alloy;
There tears are wip'd from sorrows streaming eyes,
And the kind Saviour every want supplies.

From Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago*, over the grave of two babes:

Fare you well sweet buds of beauty—

Stainless spirits fare you well—
You were far too fair and lovely
In a world like this to dwell.

Epitaph on three little ones in Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago:*

Little Hearts forever stainless,
Little Hands as pure as they,
Little feet by Angels guided,
Never a forbidden way.

From the graveyard at *Canton, Ill.*, we take the following:

We part to meet again,
What a joyful thought.

The first link
In the chain that binds us to earth
Is broken.

Sleep on sweet babe
And take your rest,
For such as thou
Our Saviour blest.

The bud was spread
To show the rose
Our Saviour smiled
The bud was closed.

'*Tis finished*, tis done, the spirit is fled—
The prisoner is gone, the Christian is dead.

On a stone in the "Old West burying-ground" in *Litchfield, Conn.:*

Beneath this stone lies children 5

Endearing objects when alive,
Though long in silence they have lain
They certain will revive again.

Over the grave of a little one in Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago*, is this inscription:

OUR CHARLIE.
Gone to meet papa.

In Blackville churchyard, *South Carolina:*

Here lies Aunt Isabel,
She dy ob de shakes,
"*Bless de lamb ob God.*"

A *Columbus* tombstone says:

They've buried me
'Longside of she,
And together in heaven
Is her and me.

From a gravestone in *Illinois:*

D. J. H———, son of———,
died March 31st, 1859, aged
one year, six months and ten days.

My days on earth indeed were few
But earth is full of woe;
And had I staid with Pa and you,
I must have found it so.

In Affectionate Remembrance
of
Mrs. Annie L. Evans
Who died March 31st 1874;
Aged 21 years, 4 months.

Afflictions sore, so hard I bore
Physician's skill was vain,
Till God above in tender love,
Released me of my pain.

He plucked me like a tender flower
From this world of faded light,
To dwell among the angels,
Up in heaven so fair and bright.

I leave an infant babe
To receive a father's care,
Who will build treasures up in heaven
And they will some day meet me there.

A tombstone in *Trenton, N. J.*, has the following:

The boiling coffee did on me fall
And by it I was slain,
But Christ has bought my liberty,
And in Him I'll rise again.

From *Walpole*, on Mtha Carpenter, aged 58 years, 2 months and 5 days:

And how it made my bosom heave
To hear my dearest sister breathe
And God to carry out his plans,
Caused her to die within my hands.

And now dear Saviour please adore
Her mother, aged eighty-four;
Look down from on high
And bless her ere she die.

The following stanzas are from tombstones in *Bridport, Vt.:*

My time on earth is done you see,
For the Great Judge hath called for me,
Whose call I'm ready to obey
And launch into eternal day.

My husband, friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care.
My son i'll never more see you,
Prepare to meet me there.

Lovely in life, beloved in death,
A lingering summons call'd her breath
She is gone we hope to glorious rest,
In God her Saviour's image blest.

In *Kingston* burying-ground, *Mass.*, is a small stone on which is inscribed this couplet:

If there is a world above, he is in bliss;
If there is not, he made the most of this.

Inscription over the grave of a little boy in *Greenwood* Cemetery:

Our God, to call us homeward,
His only SON sent down;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts
Has taken up our own.

On a recumbent statuette in *Mount Auburn* Cemetery is engraven:

EMILY.

Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here:
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

ADULATORY, LAUDATORY AND BOMBASTIC EPITAPHS.

Adulatory, Laudatory, and Bombastic Epitaphs.

"But this man? Ah! for him
Funeral state, and ceremonial grand,
The stone-engraved sarcophagus, and then
Oblivion."—*Mulock.*

A churchyard in *Windsor, Conn.*, has the following to the memory of Ephraim Huit:

Here Lyeth Ephraim Huit,
Sometimes teacher to the church of Windsor
Who dyed September 14, 1644.

Who when Hee lived, we drew our vital breath,
Who when Hee died, his dying was our death.
Who was the stay of State, the Church's staff—
Alas! the times forbid an epitaph.

From a tombstone in *Springfield, Mass.:*

Here lyeth the body of Mari
The wife of Elizur Holyoke
who died October 26, 1657.
She that lies here was while she stood

A very glory of womanhood;
Even here was sown most precious dust,
Which surely shall rise with the just.

From a tomb in Trinity Churchyard, Oxford, *Philadelphia:*

On the outside:

Here lyeth the body of, Elizabeth, wife of John Roberts, who departed this life, May, ye, 6th, in the year of our Lord, God, 1708, aged 41 years.

Weep not for me, for it is in vain,
Weep for your sins, and then refrain.

On the inside is the following:

Here, by these lines is testify'd
No Quaker was she, when she dy'd,
So far was she from Quakerism,
That she desired to have baptism
For her, our babes and children dear,
To this, these lines true witness bear,
And furthermore, she did obtain
That faith, that all shall rise again
Out of the graves at the last day,
And in this faith she passed away.

In the cemetery at *Middletown, Conn.*, are two tombstones dated 1807 and 1711, bearing the following inscription:

A loving wife
And tender mother
Left this *base* world
T' enjoy the other.

On a tombstone, beneath a skull with wings, may be found these lines:

Here lieth the body

of the Revd. Mr. Azariah Mather
born at Windsor, Aug. 25, 1689,
Expired at Saybrook Feb. 11, 1736
Aged 52 years.

He was a faithful minister, a general scholar, an eminent Christian, a very great sufferer, but now in Heaven a triumpher.

He many weeks felt Deaths attack,
But fervent prayer kept him back;
His faith and patience 'twas to try
And learn us how to live and die;
Having the wings of faith and love,
And feathers of a Holy dove,
He bids this wretched world adieu,
And simply up to Heaven flew,
Disturb not then, this precious dust,
With censors that are most unjust.

From *Windsor, Conn.:*

Here Rests ye Last Remains of Mr. Alexander McKinstry ye kind husband tender parent Dutiful Son Affectionate Brother Faithful Friend Generous Master compassionate and obliging Neighbor ye unhappy hous looks Desolate & Mourns & every Door Groans doalful as it turns Ye Pillers Languish and each Silent Wall in Grief lament Ye Masters Fall. Who departed this life Novem: ye 9, 1759 in ye 30th Year of his Age.

In *Norwich* burying-ground, *Conn.*, on a tomb-

stone over the grave of Benjamin Butler—inscribed by his own direction—is this solitary line:

ALAS, POOR HUMAN NATURE!

At *Concord, Mass.*, is a tombstone erected to the memory of John Jack, on which is inscribed:

God wills us free; man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills: God's will be done.

Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died, March 1773, aged about 60 years. Though born in a land of slavery, he was born free; though he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave, till, by his honest though stolen labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which gave his freedom, though not long before death, the grand tyrant, gave him his final emancipation, and set him on a footing with kings. Though a slave to vice, he practiced those virtues, without which kings are but slaves.

The following inscription—evidently with an eye to business—was placed by a wife on the tombstone of her dear departed:

Sacred to the memory of Jonathan Thomson,
A pious christian and affectionate husband.

His disconsolate widow continues to carry on the Tripe and Trotter business at the same place as before her bereavement.

From a stone in the cemetery at *Roxbury, Mass.:*

	Elizabeth	
	Baldner:	
dead	26ten	August
old	1848	3 F.
	Henriette Bald	
old	ner:	1, F. S, M,
dead	30ten	Augt
	1848	

Weep not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give thy heart to vain regret;
Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

From Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago:*

Sarah H. W——
—aet. 16, died Feby 9—1862—
Afflictions sore, long time she bore
Physicians were in vain
Till God did please to give her ease
And free her from all pain.

Also:

Daughter of
Dow. B and Sally, T——
Aet. 9 years, 5 mos, 9 days.
Died Mar. 26, 1870.
The parents anguish who can tell
Their eldest child they loved so well,
With cheerful face and free from guile,
And pleasant ways that made them smile.

From a stone in Calvary Cemetery, *Chicago:*

In memory of
Michael S——
Died Oct. 7, 1871.
Aged 82 years.
A native of Castleton, County Cork, Ireland.
He spent his last days with his son Timothy, No. 1, P——, st. He expired the morning previous to the great fire and his remains were preserved from the conflagration by his dutiful son.

A tombstone in *Lyons, N. Y.*, has the following:

Last ray of departed Hope! Thou didst leave this world of sin

and sorrow while thy Father was far away and thy sainted Mother in Heaven. But the Father of thy dear departed Mother did see that thy obsequies were properly performed.

From a burial-ground in *Montreal, Canada*, comes this fitting epitaph on Michael Adams, a soldier.

In peaceful quarters billeted am I,
And here forgetful of all past labors lye;
Let me alone while sleeping I remain,
And when the last trumpet sounds I'll march again.

At *Ahwaga*, on the banks of the Susquehanna may be seen a gravestone with this couplet:

Charles Lewis.
He voted for Abraham Lincoln.

From the village of P—— in *Northern N. Y.*, come the two following:

Here lies G—— S——
son of C—— S—— and H—— S——
Died May 1st 1852, aged 2 yrs,
He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up,
He turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste and died.

Pain was my portion
Physic was my food
Groans was my devotion
Drugs did me not good,
Christ was my Physician,
He knew what way was best,—
To ease me of my pain
He took my soul to rest.

From a graveyard near *Saratoga, N. Y.:*

She was a sister true and kind
While with us she could stay
God blest her with a loving mind
And then took her away.

On a tombstone in the cemetery at *Washington, Conn.*, are these lines:

In memory of ———
And in her memory we think we find
These accents uttered at this time.
Companions, you who once were mine,
Unto you I speak by the hand of time.
Yes! unto you who once were joined
Unto me by Friendship's coin,
Yea, unto you I now do speak,
Although my eyes are closed in sleep.
Here lies the remnants of your friend
Beneath this grassy mound;
And flowers may deck and flowers may bloom,
And flowers may wither on this mound,
Here stands my Tomb.

From *Dorchester* graveyard, *Mass.:*

—1661—
Here lyes our Captaine, and major of Suffolk was withall,
A goodly magistrate was he, and major generall.
Two troops of hors with him here came, such worth
his love did crave,
Ten companyes of foot also mourning marcht
to his grave.
Let all that read be sure to keep the faith as
he hath done;
With Christ he lives now crowned.
His name was Humphry Atherton.

In the old burying-ground at *New London, Conn.*, is a gravestone bearing this inscription:

An epitaph on Captain Richard Lord, deceased May 17, 1662. Ætatis svæ 51.

BRIGHT STARRE OF CHIVALLRIE LYES HERE
TO THE STATE A COUNSILLOR FULL DEARE
AND TO YE TROTH A FRIEND OF SWEETE CONTENT
TO HARTFORD TOWNE A SILVER ORNAMENT
WHO CAN DENY TO POORE HE WAS RELEIFE
AND IN COMPOSING PAROXYIES HE WAS CHIEFE
TO MARCHANTES AS A PATTERNE HE MIGHT STAND
ADVENTURING DANGERS NEW BY SEA AND LAND.

A tablet in the graveyard at *Dorchester, Mass.*, says:

Here lies interred ye corpse of
Mr. Josiah Flint,
Late pastor to ye church in
Dorchester, aged 35 years, Dec.
Sept ye 15 16 80.

A man of God he was so great so good
His highest worth was hardly understood
So much of God and Christ in him did dwell
In grace and holiness he did excell.
An honor and an ornament thereby
Both to ye church and to ye ministry.
Most zealous in ye work of reformation
To save this self-destroying generation.
With courage strove 'gainst all this people's sin
His pen, his strength, his life, his soul therein.
Consumed with holy zeal for God for whome
He lived and dyed a kind of martyrdome.
For men will not lament, their hearts and breake,
No wonder his lamenting stone doth speake.
His tombstone crys repent & souls to save

Doth preach repentance from his very grave.
'Gainst sinners doth his lasting record lye.
Psal. 112.66—Prov. 10.7.

At *Middletown, Conn.*, upon a tombstone dated "1691" is the following:

Here lyes our Deaconne Hall,
Whoe studyd peace with alle,
Was upprighte inne hys lyfe,
Voide of malygnante stryfe:
Gonnė toe hys restte
Left us inne sorrowe:
Doubtlesse hys goode
Works wylle hym followe.

The Rev. Mr. Bailey's (of *Watertown, Mass.*) epitaph to his wife:

Pious Lydia made and given by God, as a most meet help to John Bailey, minister of the Gospel:

Good Betimes—Best at Last,
Lived by faith—Died in Grace,
Went off Singing—Left us Weeping;

Walked with God 'till translated in the 39th year of her age, April 16, 1691.

Read her epitaph in Prov. xxxi. 10-11-12-28-29-30-31.

At *Quincy, Mass.*, 1708.

Braintree, thy prophet's gone; this tomb inters
The Rev. Moses Fiske his sacred herse.
Adore heaven's praiseful art, that formed the man,
Who souls, not to himself, but Christ oft won:
Sailed through the straits with Peter's family
Renowned, and Gaius' hospitality,
Paul's patience, James's prudence, John's sweet love
Is landed, entered, cleared, and crowned above.

At *Westfield, N. J.*, on Mrs. Jennet Woodruff who died 1750, æt. 43:

The dame, that rests within this tomb
Had Rachel's beauty, Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart.
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part.

In the burying-ground at *Elizabeth City, N. J.*, is the following couplet, to the memory of Elias Boudinot, who died 1770, æt. 63:.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man.

In the burying-ground at *Faggs Manor:*

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF
THE REV. SAMUEL BLAIR
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
THE FIFTH DAY OF JULY 1751
AGED THIRTY-NINE YEARS AND TWENTY-ONE DAYS.
In yonder sacred house I spent my breath,
Now silent mouldering, here I lie in death;
These lips shall wake and yet declare
A dread Amen to truths they publish there.

Monumental inscription from *Northampton, Mass.:*

Here lies the Rev. John Hooker, who died of the small-pox, 6th February 1777 in the forty-ninth year of his age.

In him an excellent and cultivated genius, engaging manners, and the temper of the Gospel, combined to form an able and faithful minister, and to render him exemplary and beloved in all the relations of life.

The affectionate people of his charge, in remembrance of his many amiable and Christian virtues, erected this monument to his memory.

A tablet in *St. Paul's, New York*, bears this inscription to the memory of Elizabeth Franklin:

Beneath the altar of this church are deposited the remains of Elizabeth Franklin wife of His Excellency William Franklin, Esq., late Governer, under his Brittanic Majesty, of the Province of New Jersey.

Compelled by the adverse circumstances of the times to part from the husband she loved, and at length deprived of the soothing hope of a speedy return, she sank under accumulated distress, and departed this life on 28 July, 1778, in the 49th year of her age. Sincerity and sensibility, politeness and affability, goodness and charity, were with sense-refined and person-elegant in her united.

From a grateful remembrance of her affectionate tenderness, and constant performance of all the duties of a good wife, this monument is erected in the year 1787, by one who knew her worth and still laments her loss.

In the burying-ground at *Newburyport*, may be seen a stone inscribed:

OMNEM CREDE DICUM TIBI DILUXESSE SUPREMUM.

Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary M'Hard, the virtuous and amiable consort of Capt. Wm. M'Hard of Newburyport, who amidst the laudable exertions of a very useful and desirable life, in which her Christian Profession was well adorned and a fair copy of every social virtue displayed, was in a state of health suddenly summoned to the Skies and snatched from ye eager embraces of her friends, (and the throbbing breasts of her disconsolate family confessed their fairest prospects of sublinary bliss were in one moment dashed) by swallowing a Pea at her own table, whence in a few hours, she sweetly breathed her soul away unto her SAVIOUR'S arms on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1780.

Ætatis 47.

On a pair of slabs, laid side by side on flat founda-

tions of masonry in St. Paul's cemetery, *New York*, is inscribed the following:

This tomb is erected to the memory of Major John Lucas of the Georgia Line of the army of the Revolution, who died in this city, August 18th, 1789, aged 38.

And this Tomb contains the remains of Major Job Sumner of the Massachusetts Line of the same Army, who died in this city, September 16, 1789, aged 33.

Alike in arms they ranged the glorious field,
Alike in turn to death the conquerors yield.

A *Newport, R. I.*, tombstone says:

The Human Form respected for its honesty and known for fifty-three years by the appellation of CHRISTOPHER ELLERY, began to dissolve in the month of February, 1789.

If tears, alas, could speak a husband's woe
My verse should straight in plaintive numbers flow;
But since thy well-known piety demands
A public monument at thy George's hands,
O Abigail! I dedicate this tomb to thee,
Thou dearest half of poor forsaken me.

"Cæsar the Ethiopian" sleeps his last sleep at *Attleborough, Mass.*, in a rural and elm-shaded cemetery, not far from the "old Hatch tavern" on the Old Road between Boston and Providence:

Here lies the best of slaves
Now turning into dust,
Cæsar, the Ethiopian, craves
A place among the Just.
His faithful soul is fled
To realms of heavenly light
And by the blood that Jesus shed
Is changed from Black to White.

Jan'y 15th he quitted the stage
In the 77th year of his age.
—1781—

Sacred to the memory of John Holt, *printer*, who died Jan. 30, 1784, aet. 64:

A due tribute to the memory of John Holt, printer to this state (N. Y.), a native of Virginia, who patiently obeyed Death's awful summons, on the thirtieth of January 1784, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

To say that his family lament him is needless; that his friends bewail him, useless; that all regret him, unnecessary; for that he merited every esteem is certain. The tongue of slander can not say less, though justice might say more. In token of sincere affection his disconsolate widow hath caused this memorial to be erected.

At *Roxbury, Conn.:*

In memory of
Col. Seth Warner, Esq.,
Who departed this life December 26th, A. D. 1784.
In the forty-second year of his age.
Triumphant leader at our armies' head,
Whose martial glory struck a panic dread,
Thy warlike deeds engraven on this stone,
Tell future ages what a hero's done.
Full sixteen battles he did fight
For to procure his country's right.
Oh! this brave hero, he did fall
By death, who ever conquers all.
When this you see remember me.

The Presbyterian burying-ground at *Portsmouth, Va.*, has a marble slab with the following inscription:

In memory of
The Rev. John Rankin,

who departed this life, March 2d 1798
Aged 48 years;
A burning and shining light in this part of Christ's
Vineyard, 20 years.
In mental improvement, excelled by few;
As a divine, well instructed
In the mysteries of Christ's kingdom;
Taught by his master to give each their meat
In due season;
In private and public life beloved by all
Who knew him.
A faithful diligent pastor;
A tender husband; an indulgent parent;
Lovely and pleasant in his life.
Servant of Jesus, here repose in peace;
Thy canse is finished; won the heavenly prize;
Henceforth a glorious crown of righteousness
And endless bliss await thee in the skies.

At *Newton, Mass.*, on Captain Thos. Prentice, who died in 1709:

He that's here interred needs no versifying;
A virtuous life will keep the name from dying;
He'll live though poets cease their scribbling rhyme,
When that this stone shall moulder'd be by time.

Byron's inscription on the monument of his dog:

Near this spot
are deposited the remains of one
who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,

Is but a just tribute to the memory of
Boatswain, a dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey Nov. 18, 1808.

From *Charleston* burying-ground, *Mass.*:

Rhoda Coe Baker
died in Charlestown July 11th 1803,
In the 6th year of her age.
Daughter of Mr. Elisha and Mrs. Rhoda Baker.
This lovely youth she loved the truth
Tho' young as you may see
Her whole delight was day and night
With Christians for to bee.

Now shes in rest among the just
There ever for to be
With her lovely voice for to rejoice
To all Eternity.

A stone in *Sutton, Vt.*, has this stanza:

Father thou hast gone and left us
A sad and lonely band,
God has called thee o'er the river,
Up to dwell with him forever.

In the burying-ground at *Salisbury, Conn.*, is a tablet erected to the memory of Samuel Moore, with the following inscription:

The man is gone!

Mr. Samuel Moore, the eminent mathematician, died Feb. 20th 1810, Æ 75. His Life and Services!!! *these* the monument, this marble but the Tablet. Say then, He lived to benefit mankind. Swayed not by trifles, But by Science led, As Land-Surveyor.

So like in all things, Like correct, This is the best image of the man.

Our Fathers rest from their toils.

Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Sarah Vanderpool, who departed this life, May 5th 1825, aged 86 years.

She was an exemplary wife, a devoted mother, a kind friend—and her generosity spurned the tardiness of calculation—had her ability been commensurate with her heart, she would have banished suffering from the world. Such virtue was not unrewarded, for as she lived, she died—a Christian.

The memory of the dead is in the hearts of the living.

Inscribed on a monument in the cemetery at *Piqua, Miami County, Ohio*, is the following historical epitaph:

Beneath this stone repose the mortal remains of Lewis Boyer, a soldier of the American Revolution, the follower and defender of the great Washington in many a well-fought field. He served in the Life-Guard of the Commander-in-Chief throughout the war for Independence, and was honorably discharged Dec. 19, 1783 by special certificate subscribed in the proper handwriting of George Washington.

Died Sept. 19, 1843, aged 87 years.

Here Boyer lies, who Britains arms withstood,
Not for himself, but for his country's good:
Tho' victor oft in famed Columbia's fields,
To death's repose the aged warrior yields.

From a cemetery near *Boston, Mass.:*

Epitaphium
Johannes Cottonne
Cujus ultima Laus est,
Quod fuerit inter nov-Anglos Primus.

[Translation.—John Cotton, whose highest praise is that he was the first man in New England.]

Epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Dr. Richmond, of *Stonington, Vt.:*

When Rhode Island, By her Legislation,
From 1843 to 1850
REPUDIATED HER REVOLUTIONARY DEBT
Dr. Richmond,
Removed from that state to this borough, and
selected this as his family Burial-place;
Unwilling that the remains of him-
self and family should be dis-
graced by forming part of a
REPUDIATING STATE.

In Calvary Cemetery, *Chicago:*

Dedicated by
Cornelius O'C——
To the memory of
His beloved Father
John O'C——
A native of Rivers Town, Glanmire.

His mortal Remains lie here in the land of his adoption, yet while his heart beat, it was with the liveliest emotion for that beautiful spot where he breathed, and where in his youth he gambled on its verdant Lawns, and inhaled the wholesome air that was wafted from the Banks of the Lee.

Died Jany 31st 1852
Aged 64 years.

In Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago*, is this epitaph on a young lady, who died Sept. 24th, 1860, aet. 17 years and 6 months.

She was a pleasant Angel here
Before wings had been given

To bear her to that blissful sphere
Beyond the silver clouds so near
Her native heaven.

Also:

Robert N——
who died Feby 17–1862
Aged 35 years.

He's gone! He's gone! the cherished one,
His toils are o'er, the victory won,
Just in the morning of his day
When hopes were bright, he passed away.

From a stone in Graceland Cemetery, *Chicago:*

In memory of
Oswald E. B——
of T——s battery.
Died on the field of honor
at Fort Donelson,
Feby 28th 1862
Aged 21 years.
"I die for liberty! Boys go
back and man the gun."

A tombstone in *Texas* bears this singular inscription:

(He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of Democratic principles and measures.
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.)

(From *Baton Rouge, La.*, comes a similar strain:

Here lies the body of David Jones.
His last words were "I die a Christian and a Democrat.")

At *Middleborough, Mass.*, is a headstone on which is inscribed this original epitaph:

Here lie the bones of a poor dog
Renowned for faith and bravery;
He died by hostile hands incog.
His name was Pompey Savery.

Epitaph found inscribed on a board erected over an artilleryman's grave by a comrade, at *Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia:*

Here lies, beneath the mouldering sod,
Tom Bolles, gunner of section 2,
On June 16th went to see his God,
Although he didn't want to.
A solid shot took off his head
And he quickly bled to death.
A bullier boy ne'er trained a gun
Or raised the devil with Johnny Reb.

The following may be seen in a graveyard at *Blackville, South Carolina:*

Here lies Ned,
Sarvint ov Massa Guy,
Who went to heven
Soon as he dy,
De lord tuk him in
Cos he hed no sin,
Or Massa Guy edar.

In *Lafayette, Ind.:*

Here lies the mortal remains of Dr. Nathan Jackson,
No more will proud ambition swell the tumult in his breast,
On earth he did his duty well, and laid him down to rest.

On an ancient tombstone in *Middletown, Conn.:*

Beautiful flower of Middletown,
How art thou cutted down! cutted down!

From a tombstone in a cemetery near *Silver Lake, N. Y.:*

Elizabeth McFadden,
Wife of David P. Reid,
Died Feb. 28, 1859
in her 47th year.
She never done a thing to
displeas her Husband.

In Sleepy Hollow churchyard, near *Tarrytown, N. Y.:*

In memory of
John Dean.
He was born September 15th A. D. 1755, and died April 4th 1817, aged 61 years, 6 months, and 20 days.
A tender father, a friend sincere,
A tender husband slumbers here;
So let us hope his soul is given
A blest and sure reward in heaven.

Epitaph on a deacon. Copied from a tombstone at *Lyme, Conn.:*

This Deacon, aged 68,
Is freed on earth from sarving:
May he for a crown no longer wait:
Lyme's Captain, Reynold Marvin.

From Christ churchyard, *Philadelphia:*

In memory of

Margaret Crouch, wife of William Crouch, departed this life in the 70th year of her age.

Quite tired and weary of this life
Here lies a good industrious wife
Who all her life would still drudging be
And now we hope, the greater joys shall see.

Near the lighthouse at *Holmes Hole.* On three fishermen struck by lightning:

Here lie three friends who in their lives
Were never known to wrangle;
Holmes Hole
Cedar Pole
Crinkle, crinkle, crankle.

Andrew Jackson's epitaph on his wife:

Here lie the remains of MRS. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President Jackson, who died December 22nd 1828, aged 61.

Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound yet could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God.

On an ancient deacon:

In memory of
Deacon John Cutter
Who died Jan. 21, 1776, Æt. 86.
And 37th Year of his office.

An honest man, Ye noblest work of God,
His surviving children 8,
Grandchildren 68,
Great Grandchildren 115,
of the Fifth generation 3.

At *Litchfield, Conn.*, may be seen the following inscription on an old tombstone:

Here lies the body of MRS. MARY, wife of Dr. JOHN BUEL, Esq. She died *Nov.* 4, 1778, *Ætat* 90, having had 13 children, 101 grandchildren, 274 great-grandchildren, 22 great-great-grandchildren; total 410; surviving, 336.

From a churchyard in *Butler County, Ohio:*

Here lies the woman, the first save one
That settled on the Miami, above Fort Hamilton;
Her table was spread, and that of the best,
And ANTHONY WAYNE was often her guest.

Epitaph, at *Woodstock, Conn.*, on John Martin, written by himself:

Beneath this spot repose the remains of John Martin, Esq., who died in Providence, R. I., Sept. 1, 1833, in the 71st year of his age.

An honest man is the noblest work of God,
Wherever laid beneath the clod;
One who never falsifies his word
Deserves the plume of 'any Bird.'

The following comes from *New York* State:

In memory of
ELIZABETH J. SIMMONS
wife of
J. E. MOUNT
Born October 26, 1818

Died October 26, 1852.
Also their daughter,
MARIETTA CLARA
Died March 28, 1853.
Death claimed the lovely flower,
Nor spared the tender bud.

Tombstone of Italy! thou hast engraven upon thy sculptured marble the name and age of her whose immaculate spirit, exalted virtues, and noble soul were the joy of him whose heart is left desolate. Cherub of beauty—sweet flower of innocence—last rosy ray of hope of thy heart-stricken father! thou didst take thy flight with all thy loveliness whilst thy blessed mother was in Heaven, thy father far from thee; but the kind father of thy dear departed mother, did, with an agonizing heart, see that thy obsequies were properly performed.

From a tombstone in *New Jersey* we have:

Mr. John Lawrence who Nov. 6th first drew his breath, and Oct. 16th, 1776, yielded to death.

From London truly famed came I;
Was born in Stains a place near by;
In Rahway at old age did die;
And here intombed in earth must lie,
Till Christ ye dead calls from on high.

At *York, Maine.* On Joseph Moody an eccentric minister:

Although this stone may moulder into dust
Yet Joseph Moody's name continue must.

At *Westchester County, New York.* On an American loyalist, written by himself:

SACRED
To the memory of

THE REVEREND ISAAC WILKINS, D. D.
who for thirty-one years, was the
diligent and faithful minister
of this parish,
placed here, as he believed, by his Redeemer.
He remained satisfied with the
pittance allowed him rejoicing that even in that
he was no burden to his
parishioners;
Nor ever wished nor ever went forth
to seek a better living.

PROFESSIONAL EPITAPHS.

PROFESSIONAL EPITAPHS.

"They are gone—all gone:
They rest with glory and the undying Powers;
Only their names and fame, and what they said, are ours!"
—*Stedman.*

In the churchyard at *Plymouth, Mass:*

Here lyeth buried the body of that precious servant of God, Mr. THOMAS CUSHMAN, who, after he had served his generation according to the will of God, and particularly the church of Plymouth, for many years, in the office of a ruling elder, fell asleep in Jesus, 10 Dec. 1691, and in the 84 year of his age.

(He was son of Robert Cushman, who preached the first sermon in New England.)

At *Gay-Head, Martha's Vineyard:*

Yeuuh wohhok sipsin SIL PAUL nohtobeyontok, aged 40 years, nuppoop tah, 24 August 1737.

[TRANSLATION.—Here lies the body of Silas Paul, an ordained preacher, who died 24 August, 1737, aged 40 years.]

From *Orange, N. Y.*:

This stone was erected, as a monumental token of love and gratitude to our late pastor, rev. CALEB SMITH, who died 22 October 1762, in the 39 years of his age,

Beneath this tomb the precious relicks lie
Of one too great to live, but not to die.
Indu'd by nature, with superior parts,
To swim in science and to scan the arts,
To soar aloft, inflamed with sacred love,
To know, admire, and serve the God above;
Gifted to sound the thundering law's alarms,
The smiles of virtue and the gospel's charms;
A faithful watchman, studious to discharge
Th' important duties of his charge;
To say the whole, and sound the highest fame,
He lived a christian, and he died the same.
A man so useful from his people rent,
His babes, the college, and the church, lament.

In Mount Olivet Cemetery, *Baltimore*, is a Scotch granite monument bearing upon one side the inscription:

New England Methodists erect this tribute to the memory of the REV. JESSE LEE, on the eighty-sixth anniversary of his first sermon in Boston, preached under the old elm, on the Common, July 11, 1790.

From a Presbyterian churchyard, *New York:*

Sacred to the memory of the reverend JOHN MATLOCK, D. D., a native and citizen of London, who after gathering three independent congregational churches in England, and one in America, whereunto he came for the propagation of the gospel, fell asleep in the Lord Jesus, the 28 of October, 1787, aged 57 years.

Beloved of God, he lov'd that name

On Britain's isle long did proclaim
That Christ is God, the sinner's friend;
He boldly preached to his end.
His life in tribulation's road he trod,
But now he reigns with Christ, his God.

From Hampton burying-ground, *New Hampshire:*

In memory of the reverend EBENEZER THAYER, who for nearly twenty-six years dispensed the bread of life to the society in this place; and, on the 6th of September 1792, fell asleep in Jesus, supported by the Christian hope of a resurrection to eternal life, aet. 58.

While o'er this modest stone religion weeps,
Beneath, a humble, cheerful christian sleeps.
Sober, learn'd, prudent, free from care and strife,
He filled the useful offices of life.
Admired, endear'd, as husband, father, friend,
Peace blessed his days, and innocence his end.
Blameless throughout, his worth by all approv'd,
True to his charge and by his people lov'd,
He lived to make his hearers faith abound,
And died that his own virtues might be crowned.

From *Philadelphia, Pa.:*

Dieser stein, decket die asche des weiland hoch ehr wurdigen doctor's und prediger's Herrn Casper Dieterich Weiburg's, er erblickte das licht dieser welt, im jahr, 1733, den 21ten. October; starb von vielen edeldenckenden betaurt, den 21ten. August, 1790. In einem alter von 56 jahren und 10 monaten—dieute mit seegen bekron't der hiesigen Hochdeutschen reformirten gemeinde, 26 jahrem Acht tage nach seinem absterben folgte seine jungfer tochter Salome. In einem alter von 19 jahren ihm zur ewigkeit die hier zu seiner seite ruh't.

So ruh'st du, Gottes mann, wen selbst im staub' auch hier,
Wo sechs und zwanzig jahr, du oft die traue still test;
Und diese thraue, ach! verdoppelt flieszat sie dir,
Der du sonst unser hertz, mit Gottes trost erfull' test.

Sie fallt durch schmertz erprest, auf deinen leichenstein
Und jeder sagt er ist es werth, dasz man ihm weim.
Sich wanderer diese gruft mit stiller ehrfurcht an
Hier ruh't ein wahrer Christ, und Gott's gelehrter mann,
Ein edler menschenfreund der sich den ruhm erworben,
Das er im Herr'n geleb't und in dem Herr'n gestorben.

[TRANSLATION.—This stone covers the ashes of the late Rev. Dr. and preacher, Casper Dieterich Weibergs. He saw the light of this world, 21 October, 1733, died lamented by many noble-minded characters, 21 August, 1790 at the age of 56 years and 10 months; served, crowned with divine blessings, the German reformed congregation in this place, 26 years. Eight days after his departure, followed him into eternity, his virgin daughter Salome. Her remains are here resting at his side.

Thou art now thyself, man of God, resting here in dust, where for six and twenty years thou hast dried away our tears. These tears, alas! now doubled flow for thee, who wast wont to comfort us. On thy gravestone they painfully flow, the tribute of, and connected with, confessions of thy worth.

Traveller! Look on this grave with silent reverence; here rests a Christian indeed, a man learned in things of God, a noble philanthropist, one who is believed to have both lived and died in the Lord.]

At St. James' Church, *New London, Conn.:*

Sacred may this marble long remain, the just tribute of affection, to the memory of the truly venerable and beloved pastor of this church, the right rev. SAMUEL SEABURY, D. D. bishop of Connecti-

cut and Rhode Island, who was translated from earth to heaven, 25 Feb. 1796 in the 68 year of his age, and the 12 of his consecration, but still lives in the hearts of a grateful diocess.

At *Bristol, R. I.:*

Sacred to the memory of rev. JOHN USHER, late rector of this church, who departed this life, 5 July, 1804, in hope and full assurance of the resurrection to a better, aged 84 years; a kind and tender parent, an ardent, active, faithful friend, a just and generous man, and sincere Christian.

An angel's arm
Can't snatch me from this tomb
Nor can a host of angels keep me here.

At *Montville, Conn.:*

Sacred to the memory of the rev. DAVID JEWETT, A. M. ordained pastor of the second church in New London, October, A. D. 1739. He rested from his labors, 6 June, A. D. 1783, Æt. 69.

Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou says't it; says thy life the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives, as they desired.
A christian is the highest style of man.

From *Fredricksburg, Va.:*

Here lies the body of EDWARD HELDER, practitioner in physic and chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporary with, and one of the pall-bearers to the body of William Shakespeare. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618, aged seventy-six.

At *Cheshire, Conn.:*

Here lies ye Body of Doct. ISAAC BARTHOLOMEW, he died August ye 25, 1710, in ye XI year of his age.

he that was sweet to my Repose

Now is become a Stink under my Nose
this is said of me
So it will be said of thee.

At *Roxbury, Mass.:*

Sub spe immortali ye herse of mr. BENJAMIN THOMSON, learned school-master and physician, and ye renowned poet of New England, obiit Aprilis 13 anno Domini 1714, et ætatis suæ 74, mortuus sed immortalis.

He that would try
What is true happiness indeed,
Must die.

At *Brookline, Mass.:*

Sacred to the memory of doctor ZABDIEL BOYLSTON, esq. physician and F. R. S. who first introduced the practice of inoculation into America. Through a life of extreme beneficence, he was always faithful to his word, just in his dealings, affable in his manners; and after a long sickness, in which he was exemplary for his patience and resignation to his Maker, he quitted this mortal life, in a just expectation of a happy immortality, on the first day of March, A. D. 1766, ætatis 87.

From a clouded marble slab at *Perth Amboy, New Jersey:*

In memory of the reverend ROBERT M'KEAN, M. A. practitioner in physick, etc., and missionary from the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts to the city of Perth Amboy, who was born 13 July 1732, N. S. and died 17 October, 1767.

An unshaken friend, an agreeable companion, a rational divine, a skilful physician, and, in every relation in life, a truly benevolent and honest man.

Fraternal love hath erected this monument.

From *Philadelphia, Pa.:*

Sacred to the memory of HUGH HODGE. M. D. who died, 15 July 1793, in the 43 year of his age. In the midst of life and usefulness distinguished by qualities most estimable in the human character, integrity, intelligence, benevolence, and industry; connected with the world by tenderest domestick ties and social bonds; for as husband, father, brother, friend, and citizen none excelled him; possessing medical skill, to which those who trusted thought their hold on life was strengthened; he fell before the stroke of death, teaching the reader the emphatick vanity of human life, urging them always to be looking to eternity, always to be prepared to die.

From *Alexandria, D. C.:*

Sacred to the memory of ROBERT CRIGHTON esq. M. D. a native of Scotland. He served, professionally, in Braddock's army, and after the defeat of that ill-fated officer, went to the Island of Jamaica, where he resided for forty years, and until declining health induced him to come to America in search of relief. It was in Alexandria, after a painful illness, death arrested him, on the 18 day of November, A. D. 1801, in the 67 year of his age, much regretted by his friends and acquaintances.

This monument, while it expresses the attachment of his widow, reminds those, by whom it may be observed, it is appointed unto men once to die and after death the judgment.

At *Portsmouth, N. H.:*

Here rest the remains of doctor JOSHUA BRACKETT, late president of the New Hampshire Medical society who, in full belief of the restoration of all things, calmly resigned his breath, 17 July, A. D. 1802, in the 69 year of his age.

At *Norwich, Conn.:*

In memory of doctor JOSHUA LATHROP. He died 29 October, A. D. 1807 in the 85 year of his age.

A soul prepared needs no delays;
The summons comes, the saint obeys;
Swift was his flight, and short the road
He clos'd his eyes and saw his God.

On a stone in *New York State*, is the following to the memory of Dr. Bowers:

Josiah Bowers, M. D.
Born September 1st 1791; died November 7th 1868.

The true physician, skillful and prompt to relieve the suffering; the firm upholder of the right; the bold defender of the oppressed; the advocate of reform; the philanthropist, patriot and christian; he lives in our hearts.

At *Portland:*

JOHN CHIPMAN, esq, barrister at law, was born, 23 October, A. D. 1722, and died, 1 July, 1768, of an apoplexy, with which he was suddenly seized, in the court house in Falmouth, while he was arguing a case before the superior court of judicature, then sitting.

To the remembrance of his great learning, uniform integrity, and singular humanity and benevolence this monument is dedicated, by a number of his brethren at the bar.

At *New Haven, Conn.:*

SAMUEL BISHOP, town clerk of New Haven 54 years; its representative at 54 sessions of the general assembly, judge of the county and probate courts; died mayor of the city, and collector of the port, 7 August, 1803, aged 80.

At *Portsmouth, N. H.:*

Sacred to the memory of JONATHAN MITCHELL SEWALL, esq, counsellor at law, who departed this life, 29 March, 1803, aged 60.

In vain shall worth or wisdom plead to save

The dying victim from the destin'd grave,
Nor charity, our helpless nature's pride,
The friend to him, who knows no friend beside;
Nor genius, science, eloquence have power,
One moment, to protract th' appointed hour!
Could these united his life have reprieved
We should not weep, for Sewall still had lived.

At *York:*

Here lies buried the body of ABRAHAM PREBLE, esq, and captain in the town, and judge in the county of York. He served his country in various other posts and, at the time of his death, which was on the 14 March, 1723, in the 50 year of his age, he sustained no less than nine offices, with honor.

At *Plymouth, Mass.:*

ANDREW FARRELL, of respectable connexions, in Ireland, aged 38 years, owner and commander of the ship, Hibernia, sailed from Boston, 26 Jan. and was wrecked on Plymouth beach, 28 Jan. 1805. His remains with five of seven seamen, who perished with him, are here interred.

O piteous lot of man's uncertain state;
What woes on life's eventful journey wait!
By sea, what treacherous calms, what sudden storms,
And death attendant in a thousand forms!

At *Providence, R. I.:*

A warning was denied;
How many fall as sudden, not as safe.

This sepulchral tablet, reared by filial gratitude and affection, is consecrated to the memory of captain ZEPHANIAH BROWN, who was suddenly summoned by unerring wisdom, to another and a better world, on the 25 of July, A. D. 1810, in the 72 year of his age. He was, for a series of years, a nautical commander, of rectitude and ability, from Providence, his native town. His industry and pro

priety of conduct in his hazardous profession having been blessed he engaged in commercial pursuits, which he conducted with increased reputation and prosperity to the closing scene. He became a useful and revered member of several incorporated institutions, and amidst the vicissitudes of life, love to God and good will to men were conspicuous traits of his character. To the intrinsick excellence of his exemplary moral life were peculiarly united the endearing qualities of the affectionate husband, tender father, faithful friend and benevolent neighbor.

Life lives beyond the grave.

At *Albany, N. Y.:*

JOHN BARBER who was born at Langford in London, came, in early life, to America and died at Albany, where he was printer to the state of New York, on the 10 of July 1803, aged 50 years.

The life of man
Is summ'd in birth days and in sepulchres;
But the eternal God had no beginning,
He hath no end.

At *Philadelphia, Pa.:*

In memory of mr. WILLIAM GRANT, of this city, merchant, who lived beloved, and died lamented by his family, his friends, and his country, 30 September, 1750, aged 40 years.

Spectator, feel if thou canst shed a tear,
Come pay the melancholy tribute here.
Here lies the dust, which once religion fir'd,
Which friendship warm'd, benevolence inspired;
Where pity melted and good nature smil'd,
Contentment dwelt and honor undefil'd.

Whate'er could grace the man, the friend the saint;
These virtues form'd thy soul, lamented Grant,
Thy soul, that now with seraph shines above,
In thy connatural element of love.
Thy weeping widow rears this humble stone,

A grateful monument of worth well-known;
Thy friend inscribes it, and would humbly claim
To join his own to thy beloved name.

S. DAVIES.

At *Alexandria, D. C.:*

Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of mrs. ANNE WARREN, daughter of John Brunton esq. of England, and wife of William Warren, esq. one of the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore theatres.

By her loss the American stage has been deprived of its brightest ornament. The unrivalled excellence of her theatrical talents was only surpassed by the many virtues and accomplishments, which adorned her private life. In her were combined, the affectionate wife, the tender mother, the sincere friend. She died at Alexandria, on the 28 of June 1808, aged 39 years.

At *Newport, R. I.:*

Here are deposited the remains of CHRISTOPHER CHAMPLIN, esq. president of the bank of Rhode Island, and the first grand master of the masonick fraternity in this state, who died, on the 25 day of April, 1805, in the 75 year of his age. Unambitious of publick employments and honors, he was respected in society for his good sense, incorruptible integrity and persevering industry in commercial pursuits, in which he was successfully engaged for half a century. Distinguished by the practice of all the virtues, that render valuable the near relations of life, he was most tenderly beloved by his family. In his last sickness he manifested his firm belief of the christian religion, which he had always cherished, and he expired, full of hopes, grounded on its promises.

From a marble monument in the burial-yard appertaining to Trinity Church, *New York, N. Y.:*

Herunder hviler det dodelige af LARS NANNESTAD, Kongelig Dansk vejermester og post-mester paa oen St. Thomas i Vestindien

samt kirke værge, assessor i borger raadet og fattiges formijnder sammesteds fod den 6to. Junii, 1757, i Lille Nestved paa oen Siælland i Danmark gift i aaret 1789, med Anna Maria Elizabeth Windberg ankom med hende til New York den 31te May, 1807, for sit svage helbreds skijld, og blev der af herren henkaldt til et bedre liv den 24 de Julii sammeaar i en alder af 49 aar og nogle dage. Hans esterlevende dijbstorg ende enke har sat det monument til taknemlig evindring om den Kiærligste ægetefæble.

Bliid du sank i dodens giemme
Bliid som all din vandel var
Aldrig aldrig kan jeg glemme
Hvad for mig du været har. Amen.

[Translation.—Underneath lay the remains of Lars Nannestad, his Danish majesty's weigher and post-master in the island of St. Thomas, assessor in the burgher-council, church warden, and guardian of the poor at the same place. He was born on the 6 June, 1757, at Lille Nestved, on the island of Zealand, in Denmark; married, in the year, 1789, to Anna Maria Elizabeth Windberg, and arrived with her at New York, on the 31 day of May, 1807, for the benefit of a declining health, and was on the 24 day of July, same year, called to a better life, aged 49 years and some days. The surviving and disconsolate widow has erected this monument as a grateful remembrance of a most affectionate husband.]

From Christ church burying-ground, *Philadelphia.:*

In memory of
Richard Thornhill
Died Jany 12th 1827.

Aged 81 years.
Fifty of which, he was a *ringer* at Christ Church.
Life's chequered peal, he sung whilst here below,
Resigned he met the change, and wished to go.

From *St. Clair* burying-ground, *Canada*—on a brickmaker—a fac-simile of one in *Aliscombe* churchyard, England:

Keep death and judgement always in your EYE,
Or else the *devil* off with you will fly,
And in his KILN with brimstone ever fry:
If you neglect the narrow road to seek,
Christ will reject you, like a HALF-BURNT BRICK!

At *St Johns*, *New Brunswick*, on an old mariner:

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here,
Storms had o'erwhelm'd him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resigned him to the grave.
In harbor, safe from shipwreck now he lies,
Till Times last signal blazes through the skies,
Refitted in a moment he'll then be,
Sail from THIS PORT on an *eternal sea*.

Epitaph on a *Long Island* carpenter:

No wonder he sawed short life's span,
For long he was a (n) ailing man.

On a mechanic:

He was a man of invention great,
Above all that lived nigh,
But he could not invent to live,
When God called him to die.

On a glazier—from a burying-ground near *Boston*, *Mass.*:

Precarious dealer; Death alas
Has snapt in two life's brittle glass.
Keen was thy di'mond on the pane
And well the putty stopped the rain,
But all thy arts, were weak thro life,
Death cut more certain with his scythe.
And thou safe from a rainy day
Are puty'd up in mother clay.

On a dentist:

He is filling his last cavity.

On a coroner, who hanged himself:

He *lived* and *died* by suicide.

On an old sexton at *Dorchester*, *Mass.*:

This grave was dug and finished
in the year 1833,
by
DANIEL DAVENPORT
when he had been sexton
in Dorchester
twenty-seven years,
had attended 1135 funerals,
and dug 734 graves.
As a sexton with my spade I learned
To delve beneath the sod;
Where body to the earth returned,
But spirit to its God.
Years twenty-seven this toil it bore,
And midst deaths oft was spared.
Seven hundred graves and thirty-four I dug.

Then mine prepared.
And when at last I too must die
Some else the bell will toll;
As here my mortal relics lie,
May heaven receive my soul.

[NOTE.—He continued to perform the duties of sexton until 1852, and died in 1860—twenty-seven years after digging his grave.]

LUDICROUS, ECCENTRIC AND RIDICULOUS EPITAPHS.

Ludicrous, Eccentric and Ridiculous Epitaphs.

"They have all
Gone like tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back-entry of time."

—*Holmes.*

Epitaph
Sacred to the memory of
LITTLE JERRY.

Grim Death has taken darling little Jerry,
The son of Joseph and Serena Howels;
Seven days he wrestled with the Dysentery,
And then he *perished in his little bowels.*

It was the Saviour wanted little Jerry,
Who bids the little ones to come to Him.
It's probable now that he's practising very,
Assiduous like, his little Angel hymn.

No doubt 'twas weaning, injured little Jerry,
The bottle seemed to damp his stomach's tone
But with the angels he gets plump and merry,
For there's no *nursing bottles* where he's gone.

J. R. Kaml.

Epitaph inscribed on a tombstone in *Arlington, Va.:*

Here lies the body of JOHN CUSTIS, who died ——, —— aged 77 years; and yet lived but 7, being the time of his keeping a bachelor's house at Arlington, on the eastern shore of Virginia.

An old gravestone in *Milford, Conn.*, dated 1792, has the following singular epitaph on a young lady who died at the age of 24 years:

Molly, tho' pleasant in her day
Was suddenly seized and sent away.
How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten,
Laid in the grave and soon forgotten.

From a burying-ground in the vicinity of *Boston:*

In memory of
BETSEY
wife of David Darling
died March 23d 1809, Æ. 43.
She was the Mother of 17 Children, and around
her lies 12 of them, and two were lost at sea.
Brother Sextons
please to leave a clear birth for me
near by this stone.

Epitaph on a colored lady who was literally roasted in the fire that destroyed her habitation:

WELL DONE, thou good and faithful servant.

On a tombstone in *Vermont:*

In sacred memory of
the death of Mrs. L— P— wife of A. P—

who died of the Dropsy on the morning
of 12th June 1814, aged 30, after the
painful operation of twenty-two insitions,
the water measured 41 gals. and 3 quarts & half of
a pint, and weighed 353 lbs. 12 oz.
Once twenty and two
The lance did pierce the side
Of her who bade adieu
And with composure died.

From *Shippensburg, Pa.:*

The memory of
Sam. Will Smith.
Who departed this life Nov. 14, 1801.
This lovely boy near 8 years old,
Lies Buried with his Brother
His Sister lies on the one side
And his Nephew on the other.

From *Schenectady, N. Y.:*

He got a fish-bone in his throat,
And then he sang an angel note.

In *Williamsport, Pa.*, the following lines appear on a gravestone:

Sacred to the memory of
Henry H——
Born June 27th 1821 of Henry H——
and Jane his wife.
Died on the 4th of May, 1831, by the kick of
a colt in his bowels.
Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his father and mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went

to the world where horses
dont kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more.

[Above this inscription is engraven on the stone, a diabolical picture of the colt in the act of planting his feet on the abdomen of the boy, who, as the legend runs, was a friend to his mother!]

The following serio-comic epitaph comes from a *California gold-digging;*

In memory ov
John Smith who met
wierlent deth near this spot
18 hundred and 40 too. He was shot
by his own pistill;
It was not one of the new kind,
but a old fashioned
brass barrel, and of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven.

On a stone, in a village of *Central Michigan*, may be found this inscription:

CORA, WIFE OF THOMAS B——
Died June 5, 1857 in the 25th year of her age,
She lived, beloved,—Died lamented by all who *new* her.
Through insanity she from her own husband did creep,
leaving him in bed fast asleep,
And to another room did go,
And with a Razor caused her own blood to flow.

On a tombstone in *Pennsylvania* are these lines:

Battle of Shiloh,
April 6, 1862.

John D. L—— was born March 26th 1839, in the town of West Dresden, State of New York, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

At the burial-ground, *Middletown, Conn.*, may be seen a tablet bearing this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
CHARLEY and VARLEY,
Sons, of loving parents who died in infancy.

From *LaPointe, Lake Superior*, comes the following:

This stone was erected to the memory of———, who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives.

From *Princeton, Mass.:*

In memory of
Capt. Elisha Allen,
who was inhumanly murdered by Samuel Frost,
July 16th 1793.
aged 48 years.

Passengers behold! my friends and view
Breathless I lie; no more with you;
Hurried from life, sent to the grave;
Jesus my only hope—to save;
No warning had of my sad fate
Till dire the stroke, alas! to late.

A stone in *Montgomery, Alabama*, reads:

Stop, you
Stone Cutters,
Here lays
Sam Creer.
1855.

From *New Hampshire:*

RICHARD JENKINS here doth lay
(Lately removed from over the way)
His body's here—his soul's in heaven.
1767.

This is from Genesee county, *Western New York:*

Here lies a Father and a Mother true,
A Granther and a Granny tue.

A gravestone in the old cemetery at *Bayfield, Wis.*, has the following:

BASIL, child of Jos. DAVIS,
& FLEUVIS DAVIS. Died
On August, 1864, aged 4 years, & 4 mths & 18 days.
Struck
by
Thunder.

Here is another curious specimen from a stone in the churchyard at *Glastonbury, Conn.:*

HERE LIES ONE WHOS
LIFES THREADS CUT
ASUNDER; SHE WAS
STRUCK DEAD BY A CLAP
OF THUNDER.

Also a third (only this time it is *lightning* instead of *thunder* that "did the bad deed") from *Dover, Maine:*

The storm did rage, the wind did blow—
One flash of lightning laid him low—
His brother come, but oh! no sound—
Dead on the spot there he was found.

At *Bristol, Connecticut:*

Five hundred miles out to the west
'Tis there my body lies at rest,
Hoping when the Lord shall come,
To meet my friends who die at home.

This is from a cemetery near *Cincinnati:*

Here lies ——
who came to this city and died
for the benefit of his health.

Epitaph on an *Ohio* woman's tombstone:

Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Jones
'Till 'neath the sod it laid her.
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.
Her obsequies were held at two,
With plenty of good carriages.
Death is the common lot of all,
And comes as oft as marriages.

In a *Connecticut* churchyard is the following epitaph on an old man, who when he died had a large wen on the top of his dead:

Our father lies beneath the sod,
His Spirit's gone unto his God;
We never more shall hear his tread,
Nor see the wen upon his head.

On a tombstone in *Tarrytown, N. Y.*, is thus recorded the singular relationship of Edward C———,

who died Feb. 26th, 1786, aged 56 years and 4 months:

Here lies a tender and indulgent Father
To wife, children & his neighbor;
His soul adorned with heavenly grace
Now sees his Saviour's lovely face.

A stone in *Bradford, Vt.*, carries this couplet:

She lived—what more can then be said:
She died—and all we know she's dead.

A slab in the village graveyard at *Felchville, Vt.*, records for the benefit of posterity, that:

On the 31st August 1754, Capt. James Johnson, had a daughter born on this spot of ground being *captivated* with his whole family by the Indians.

In the Catholic burying-ground at *Keesville, N. Y.*, may be seen this couplet:

Here lies the bodies of two sisters dear
One's buried in Ireland—the other lies here.

The following is said to be on a gravestone near *Hartford, Conn.:*

Here lies two babes, so dead as nits;
De Lord he Kilt dem mit his ague fits.
When dey was too good to live mit me,
He took dem up to live mit He,
So he did.

From the Necropolis, *Toronto, Canada:*

Sacred to the memory of
Wm. Mulligan
who departed this life
24 Aug. 1854
Aged 28 years.

A long, distinguished linen draper, near Brainbridge, Co. Down, Ireland.

Over the grave of a little babe in *Burlington, Ia.*, is this stanza:

Beneath this stone our baby lays
He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one and twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.

On a tombstone in *Maryland:*

Here I lie
With my three daughters,
All of drinking Cheltenham waters:
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not have been lying
In these here vaults.

Epitaph on a puritanical locksmith:

A zealous Locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate;
He stood without and would not knock,
Because he meant to pick the lock.

From a tombstone at the "*Devil's Gate*"—a pass in the Rocky Mountains:

Here lies the body of Carrie Sodd,
Who has lately died and gone to God;

Which shows that redemption is never too late
For she was saved at the "Devil's Gate."

From a graveyard at *Augusta, Maine:*

Stranger, pause and shed a tear,
For I was very beautiful;
But sickness came; I had to die;
And have gone to play with the angels.

The following comes from *Indiana*:

He died at nashville tennessee
he died of kronic diaree
it trooly paneful must of bin
to die so fur away from home.

This is in remembrance of a man who died June 29th, 1856, aged 63 years, and was buried at the Necropolis, *Toronto, Canada:*

Sickness sore short time I Bore
Physicians Where All in Vain
God Was Pleased to Give me Ease
And Freed me From my Pain.

The following is an inscription on a tombstone in *Pittsburg, Penn.:*

Din, Dan, my Passing bell,
Fare you well my mother
Burie me in my own churchyard
Beside my own dere Brother
When I die my Cofin is Black
With six Brite Angils on my back
tow to Sing and tow to pray
And tow to carry my Sole away.

A tombstone in St. Mary's Churchyard, *Burlington*, *New Jersey*, affords this stanza:

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder,
She burst while drinking a seidleitz powder,
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited 'till it effervesced.

From a *New England* graveyard:

Here lies John Auricular,
Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular.

From a *Waukegan* graveyard, *Illinois:*

Words are wanting to say what,
Think what a friend should be,
He was that ARE.

From a graveyard in *Arkansas:*

On a daughter of Mrs Cabbage—
Sweet bud of innocence, so soon decayed,
So soon lopped off in tenderest vegetation.

In a *North Carolina* burying-ground is a stone erected to the memory of E. Pluribus Unum, youngest son of John T. and Caroline Oliver, departed this life Nov. 30, 1860, aged 1 year, 10 m. 9 d.:

Farewell thou charming little son,
We never shall hear thy voice again
Farewell little E Pluribus Unum
May we together in heaven rich blessings share.

A tombstone in *Nashville* cemetery, *Tenn.*, says of the deceased:

His accounts were found square to a cent.

From an old burying-ground near *Baltimore:*

Peter Lettig was his name,
Heaven I hope his station
Baltimore was his dwelling place
And Christ is his salvation.
Now he is dead and buried
And all his bones are rotten
Remember him when this you see
Lest he should be forgotten.

At *Guilford*, *Indiana*:

Ann, wife of I. H. B——, died June 187—, aged 45 years less 45 days.

Dear angel wife
I gave the parting kiss
Twenty-one yrs. we lived
In truth and bliss,
Always firm
But never mild
I never saw
Her strike a child.

In *Oxford*, *New Hampshire:*

To all my friends I bid adieu;
A more sudden death you never knew:
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed him quicker'n a wink.

In *Kenosha* cemetery, *Wis.*, may be seen two

tombstones, one to the memory of Lewis Knapp, and the other to that of his departed wife. Suffice it to say that Mr. Knapp was still in the land of the living when the stones were erected.

The inscriptions read:

SUSAN P. FOSTER,
wife of
LEWIS KNAPP.

My dear and loving wife, meet me, with our spirit friends, at the gate of the Elysian Fields of Paradise, where I am coming by Nature's fast express. Until there we meet, a loving adieu.

P. S.—Our friends W. and A. will soon join us there.

LEW.

Happy! Happy day! Hallelujah!
Amen!

Old Broadguage
LEWIS KNAPP,
Aged — years,
Emigrated ——,

to join his wife and other friends in the Celestial Fields of Paradise, thanking God for sense enough to die as He had lived for thirty years, thoroughly infidel to all ancient and modern humbug-myths as taught for fine clothes and place, at others' cost, by an indolent, egotistic, self-elected Priestly Crew.

The fear of the Right Reverend Doctors of Divinity, theological scare-crow of Hellfire and Damnation to all who refuse to pay tithes to their support, had no force or effect on Lewis Knapp.

From *Milan, Ohio:*

Dear Willie how we miss you
We miss your pleasant smile
Your kind little hand
We never shall see you
We never shall kiss you
Till we go to the promised land—composed by his mother.

On a tract peddler who sat down on a can of nitro-glycerine (no vouchers):

To the azure depths of the upper air
His body had flewn, flewn, flewn.
A bit of him here, and a bit of him there,
And over the landscape everywhere—
It now lies strewn, strewn, strewn;
But his soul I believe, and am willing to swear
Is grandly climbing the golden stair,
To an anti-glycerine tune;
Gone where they dont put it up in cans.

At *Ledyard, Conn.*, on a man who after several attempts at suicide, died from natural causes:

—He died an honest death—

A tombstone in *Portland, Maine*, bears this couplet:

The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhea.

Inscription on Governor Eaton's monument:

T' attend you, sir, under these framed stones,
Are come your honored son and daughter Jones,
On each hand to repose their weary bones.

From *Lafayette, Ind.:*

Here lies I
Killed by a sky
Rocket in my eye.

The following is on an ancient tombstone at *Damariscotta, Maine*:

Now Dad is dead and gone,
Dad left me here alone;
But hope in Christ I have,
That he and I will save.

A *Colorado* tombstone says:

He was young,
He was fair,
But the Injuns
Raised his ha'r.

On a tombstone in *Ohio*, is the following singular inscription:

Under this sod
And under these trees
Lieth the bod–
y of Solomon Pease.
He's not in this hole,
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
And went up to his God.

The departure of Miss Betty Conway is thus commemorated:

Poor Betty Conway!
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade;
So now she's dead and gone away.

The following stanza is copied from the tombstone of a youngster who died from eating green cherries:

A cherry incompletely ripe
His little business did for him

And now serenely free from gripe
He is a bob-tailed cherubim.

At *Lebanon, Conn.*, on the tombstone of a young lady who died away from home:

As a stranger she did die,
In strange lands she doth lie,
Here by strangers she was laid,
And her funeral charges paid.

From *Union District, S. C.:*

Here lies the body of Betty Bowden
Who would live longer but she *coulden*,
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carried her away.

In *Marthas Vineyard*:

Lydia, wife of John Claghorn,
John and Lydia,
That lovely pair
A whate killed him
Here body lies here.
Their souls we hope
With Christ now reign
So our great loss
Is their great gain.

In the cemetery at *Keysville, N. Y.*, is a gravestone bearing this striking inscription:

Sarah Thomas is dead
And that's enough.
The candle is out,
Also the snuff.

Her soul is in Heaven,
You need not fear,
And all that's left
Is interred here.

A monument in the Catholic cemetery at *Amboy*, *Illinois*, erected over the grave of Patrick Jourdan, has the following:

Patrick is my name,
Ireland is my nation;
New Haggard is my dwelling-place,
And Heaven my expectation.

PUNNING AND SATIRICAL EPITAPHS.

Punning and Satirical Epitaphs.

"Let me alone, for I love to shy
These bits of things at the passers-by."

—*Brownell.*

A Baltimore gormandizer's epitaph on a Boarding-House Rooster:

Here lies in plenitude of years,
A noble chanticleer;
He led a virtuous chicken life
And died without a fear.

Here lie his bones and muscles too,
Untouched by carver's art;
Tenacious to the very last,
In death they would not part.

From *Keesville, N. Y.:*

Here lies a man of good repute,
Who wore a No. 16 Boot.
'Tis not recorded how he died,
But sure it is, that open wide,

The gates of heaven must have been
To let such monstrous feet within.

A tombstone in *New Orleans*, erected over the grave of a negro who was scalded to death, bears this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of our 'steamed friend.

From the tombstone of a youth who died from too much fruit pie:

Currants have checked the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not hate, yet, 'tis a lesson good.
Gilt will not long hide guilt, such thin-washed ware,
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
'Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey,
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soom I'm toll'd away.

At *Sag Harbor, Long Island:*

Behold, ye mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie,
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God;
Just but severe his chastening rod.

From a burying-ground in the vicinity of *Boston, Mass.:*

Here lies ye body of
Mrs. Ammey Hunt wife of

Mr. Benjamin Hunt
Who died Nov. 26th 1769,
Aged 40 years.

A sister of Sarah Lucius lieth here,
Whom I did love most Dear,
And now her Soul hath took its Flight
And bid her Spightful Foes good Night.

The following spicy inscription is found on a tombstone at *Hoosick Falls, New York:*

Ruth Sprague
Died 1846, aged 9 yrs. & 4 months.

She was stolen by Roderick R. Clow. Her body was dissected at the office of Dr. P. Armstrong, Hoosick, New York; where her mutilated remains were found and deposited here.

Her body dissected by fiendish men,
Her bones anatomized,
Her soul—we trust—has risen to God,
Where few physicians rise.

On a tombstone in Calvary Cemetery, *Chicago*, is this singular inscription:

In memory of
John S———
who
departed this life
Jany. 13th 1859. Aged 28 years.
Cold is my bed, but ah I love it,
For colder are my friends above it.

From a *Rhode Island* burying-ground:

I dreamt that buried in my fellow clay
Close by a common beggar's side I lay,

Such a mean companion hurt my pride
And, like a corse of consequence, *I* cried
"Scoundrel begone and henceforth touch me not
Now manners learn and at a distance rot."
"Scoundrel in still hautier tones cried *he*,
Proud lump of earth I scorn thy words and thee,
All here are equal, thy place now is mine
This is my rotting place, and that is thine."

On a man whose memory is perpetuated by two tombstones in *New Jersey*—one in a Presbyterian churchyard, where his body is, and the other in a Methodist churchyard where his body was. The inscription on the stone where he isn't reads:

Interred in this spot his body did lay,
On the grounds selected, for which he did pay;
But his widow would not let his body alone,
Because his first children reared a stone.

After his death his children and second wife
Sought to hold what he had earned during his life
His first children no claim, no portion should hold,
So they robbed his grave and his lot they sold.

On the tomb of a wife, a shrew in life, to the inscription, "RESURGAM" were added the words, "But don't tell my dear husband of it."

On a Quaker's *second* wife:

Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers,
She's safe from cares and I from bothers;
If death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped, but passed thee by,
I wish him joy, but much I fear,
He'll rue the day he came thee near.

The following four are from tombstones in *Massachusetts;*

To the memory of Captain Barber, a staunch patriot, who fought and bled for his country, who was foremost in all the stormy deeds of his nation's history. Known to be a liberal man! but he was a glutton and a wine-bibber! drove his only son to sea and to ruin; killed his wife by his misdeeds, and died drunk in his fifty-first year.

To the memory of Mary Gold,
Who was gold in nothing but her name.
She was a tolerable woman for an acquaintance
But O. H. himself couldn't live with her.
Her temper was furious
Her tongue was vindictive,
She resented a look and frowned at a smile,
And was as sour as vinegar.
She punished the earth upwards of 40 years,
To say nothing of her relations

This to the memory of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would always have her will,
She snubbed her husband, though she made good bread,
And on the whole, he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped her children (and she drank her gin),
Whipped virtue out, and whipped the devil in.
May all such women go to some great fold,
Where they through all eternity can scold.

John T———, Schoolmaster.
May he be punished as often as he punished us.
He was a hard old shell.
He said the Lord's Prayer every morning.
May the Lord forgive him, as often as he forgave us,
That was never.
We his scholars rear this stone over his ashes,

Though they are not worth it.
We are glad his reign is over,
Amen.

The following curious epitaph may be found at *Duxbury, Mass.*, on the tombstone of an old lady, who was cut off at 87 years and 11 months:

THE CHISEL CAN'T HELP HER ANY.

On an attorney-at-law:

Here he lies as he always did,
Stranger be civil—the rest God knows,
So does the devil.

In memory of the late lamented Thompson:

Death came at half-past nine o'clock,
And put out Thompson's candle,
Thank Heaven, that gives him rest at last
From this here Beecher Scandal.

From the north cemetery at *Dorchester, Mass.:*

Long fifty years full well he wrought,
On *buildings, fruit-trees*, and the *song;*
With age, infirmity was brought,
He pined, neglected—was that wrong!

From a tombstone in *Ohio* is the following:

Hear the old man lies,
No one laughs no one cries.
Where he has gone or how he fares
No one knows and no one cares,
But his brother James and his wife Emeline
They was his friends all of the time.

Epitaph on a MONEY-LENDER; from a *San Francisco* burying-ground:

Here lies old thirty-five per cent:
The more he made, the more he lent;
The more he got, the more he craved;
The more he made, the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved.

From a tombstone in the *Lafayette* burying-ground, *Indiana;*

Here lies the dust of old Zeke Polk
His early days he spent in pleasure,
His latter days in gathering treasure,
To holy cheats he ne'er was willing,
To give a solitary shilling.
To him *first-fruits* were odious things,
And so were bishops, tithes, and kings.

This is from a tombstone in *New Hampshire:*

Here lies our beloved daughter,
Killed by the hands of the malicious Henry,
Who on the way to school he met her
And with a six self-cocked pistol, shot her.

From a graveyard in *New England;* epitaph on the Rev. John Knowles:

Vis Scire, quis Sim? Nomen est Knowles: Dixi Satis!

[TRANSLATION.—Do you wish to know who I am? My name is Knowles. I have told you enough.]

From *Virginia:*

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What whether high or low my pedigree?

Perhaps I far surpassed all other men,
Perhaps I fell behind them all—what then?
Suffice it stranger that thou see'st a tomb;
Thou knows't its use; it hides no matter whom.

The following is an epitaph that was in sentiment raised at a medical college banquet in *Chicago*, 1875, over the monumental pile of stones hurled at a Chemical Professor, who had the audacity, in a valedictory address, to maliciously slander the medical profession:

Underneath these stones lie the Professor's bones,
In life his *sole affinity* was evil,
He pitched into the DOCTOR—floundered into hot water—
And now carries *The Times* to the devil.

Epitaph on "The Country Doctor:"

Here lies at length, tho' length not long,
A vender of *small pills*.
Who quacked his wares through little towns,
For curing *minor* ills.

This dapper doctor was so small,
So small his sugar pills,
That all his patrons looked aghast,
To see his monstrous bills.

Death cut him short, as life had done—
How could he cut him long?
As small his stature, fame and worth,
So brief shall be my song.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

"It takes all sorts to make a world."
—*Holland.*

The following is an inscription on an ancient gravestone in *Dorchester*, *Mass.*, over the remains of two children buried in one grave:

Abel, his offering accepted is;
His body to the grave, his soul to bliss,
On October twenty and no more,
In the year sixteen hundred 44.

Submit, submitted to her heavenly king,
Being a flower of the eternal Spring;
Near 3 years old she died in heaven to wait,
The year was sixteen hundred 48.

In *Watertown*, *Mass.*, is a tablet inscribed:

Here lies the precious dust of

Thomas Bailey,	A most desirable neighbor,
A painful preacher,	A pleasant companion,
An eminent liver,	A common good,
A tender husband,	A cheerful doer,
A careful father,	A patient sufferer,
A brother in adversity,	Lived much in little
A faithful friend,	time.

A good copy for all survivors.
Aged 35 years.
—He slept in Jesus the 21st of January, 1868.

In *Roxbury, Mass.*, may be seen this quaint inscription over the grave of Thomas Dudley, a colonial governor who died in 1653, aet. 77:

THOMAS DUDLEY.
Ah! old must die.
A Death's head on your hand, you need not weare,
A dying head you on your shoulders beare.
You need not one to mind you, you must dye,
You in your name may spell mortalitye.
Younge men may dye, but old men these dye must:
'Twill not be long before you turn to dust.
Before you turn to dust! ah! must! old! dye!
What shall young doe, when old in dust doe lye?
When old in dust lye, what New England doe?
When old in dust doe lye, its best dye too.

A tombstone in *Canton, Illinois*, reads:

STRANGER STEP LIGHTLY O'ER THIS GRAVE
HERE LIES THE REMAINS OF
CARY COLE
aged 19 years.
An orphan whose spirit is now in heaven
the only friend she had left on God's earth,
WAS AMOS SMITH.

From the old burying-ground at *Cranston, Rhode Island:*

Here lies the body of
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, ESQ.
Son of Roger Williams, Esq.

(The first white man that came to Providence.)
Born 1644. Died 1725.
In King Philip's war, he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue;
And now he's gone down into the grave, and he will be no more,
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore
Into some proper shape, as he thinks fit to be,
Perhaps like a grain of wheat, as Paul set forth, you see,
Corinthians I Book, 15 Chap. 37 verse.

Long Island has a tombstone which reads:

In memory of
Michal, wife of Nath'l T——
who died Feb. 15, 1756.
Beneath this little stone
Does my beloved lie,
O pity, pity me, whoever passeth by;
And spend a tear at least,
Or else a tear let fall, on my
Sweet blooming rose, whom
God so soon did call.

This centic epitaph may be found on the tombstone of Rabbi Judah Morris, who was for forty years Hebrew Instructor in Harvard University; was converted to Christianity in 1722, and died at *Northborough, Mass.*, in 1764:

A native branch of Jacob see,
Which once from off its olive broke;
Regrafted from the living tree, Rom. XI. 17-24.
Of the reviving sap partook.
From teeming Zion's fertile womb. Isa. LXVI. 8.
As dewy drops in early morn. Ps. CX. 3.
Or rising bodies from the tomb. John, V. 28, 29.
At once be Israel's nation born. Isa. LXVI. 8.

The following is from *Litchfield, Conn.:*

Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary, wife of Deacon John Buel, Esq. She died Nov. 4, 1768, aged 90 —— having had 13 Children, 101 Grand-Children, 247 Great-Grand-Children, and 49 Great-Great-Grand-Children; total 410.

Three Hundred and Thirty-six survived her.

A stone in *Bedford* churchyard, *Mass.*, says:

Here lies the Body
of 2 Children of Capt. Edward
Stearns & Mrs. Lucy his
wife.

Edward	Lucy
died May ye	died May ye
24th 1768. In	20th 1768. In
the 8th year	the 13th year
of his age.	of her age.
Here lies ye Bones of Edward	The Body of a lovely
Stearns	Maid
His soul I trust rests in	Lies buried in her
Christ's arms;	silent grave
And when ye last trumpet	And in it doth take
shall sound	quiet Rest
Then he shall rise out	As is of Beds it were
of the ground.	the Best.

In *Westminster* churchyard, *Vt.:*

In memory of William French who was shot at Westminster March ye 12th, 1775, by the hand of the cruel Ministerial tools of Georg ye 3rd at the Court-house at a 11 o'clock at night in the 22d year of his age.

Here William French his Body lies
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance cries.
King Georg the third his Tory crew

tha with a bawl his head Shot threw.
For Liberty and his Country's Good,
He Lost his Life his Dearest blood.

From an ancient stone in *New Preston, Conn.:*

—1777—
Here did she go
Just as she did begin
Death to know
Before she knew to sin.

From a *Vermont* tombstone:

Here lies, cut down, like unripe fruit,
A son of Mr. Amos Tute,
And of Mrs Jemima Tute, his wife,—
Called Jonathan; of whose frail life,
The days all summed, how short the account,
Scarcely to fourteen years amount.
Born the twelfth of May was he
In seventeen hundred and sixty-three;
To death he fell a hopeless prey
On April V. & twentieth day,
In seventeen hundred and seventy-seven,
Quitting this world, we hope, for heaven.
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by innoculation:
The means employed his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the grave.

At *New Milford, Conn.:*

Rest here, my body, till the Archangel's voice more sonorous far than nine fold thunder, wakes the sleeping dead; then rise to thy just sphere and be my house immortal.

Composed by the
deceased Partridge Thatcher, Esq.

On a tombstone in *Maine*, is this tribute to an unfortunate husband, by his distressingly relieved widow:

Sacred to the memory of James H. R——m, who died Aug. the 6th, 1800. His widow who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at —— street, in this village.

The following lines are on the tombstone of Robert C. Wright, near *Appomattox Court House, Va.:*

Robert C. Wright was Born june 26th, 1772. Died July 2d, 1815, by the bloodthrusty hand of John Sweeney, Sr., who was massacre with the Nife, then a London Gun discharge a ball penetrate the Heart that Give the immortal wound.

From a stone in *New York:*

In memory of
The earthly house, or tabernacle of
Sarah A. ——,
Which fell Sep. 6th 1847,
Which had been standing
37 years and 5 months:
Her Phsychology
was the wife of
Henry C. H——,
And daughter of
Thomas and Mary, ——,
John XI, 26th.
Believest thou this?
Yes! Sarah lives.

At *Dover, New Hampshire*, is the following:

Repository
of

Husband & Wife.
Joseph Hartwell, Inanimated
Apr. 7, 1867, Æt. 68.
Betsey Hartwell, Inanimated
Dec. 7, 1862, Æt. 68.

This embraces a period of 41 years. In all of our relations in life toward each other there has been naught but one continuation of fidelity and loving kindness. We have never participated or countenanced in others secretly or otherwise that which was calculated to subjugate the masses of the people to the dictation of a few. And now we will return to our Common Mother, with our Individualities in life unimpaired, to pass through together the ordeal of earth's chemical Laboratory preparatory to recuperation.

Her last exclamations.

If you should be taken away, I could not survive you. How happy we have lived together. Oh how you will miss me—Think not Mr. Hartwell I like you the less for being in the position you are in. No it only strengthens my affections. To those who have made professions of friendship and have then falsified them by living acts, PASS ON.

In Rose Hill Cemetery, *Chicago*, is a stone bearing this inscription:

Abbie Lomax,
Died Nov. 23d 1871,
Aged 6 months.

Here lies a dear relic
of the great Chicago fire.

This comes from a graveyard near *Detroit, Mich.:*

IN MEMORY
of
HOMER CLINK
who died
Oct. 13, 1873,

Aged 41 yrs. 7 mo., 21 days.
He was the kindest sort of man,
He was a good provider,
And when a friend asked him to drink,
He always called for cider.
His wife, she has a noble heart,
AND THOUGH SHE MAY RE-MARRY:
Whene'er she thinks of Homer Clink
Her heart a sigh will carry.
"He has crossed the dark river, and found peace and good health."

From a tombstone in *Connecticut:*

I gave this ground,
I'm laid here first;
Soon my remains
Will turn to dust.
My wife and progeny around,
Come sleep with me
In this cold ground.

On a stone in a *Rhode Island* burying-ground is this stanza:

Here lies John Brown of old extract,
In fifty-five God did exact,
From him the debt that all must pay
Who mortals are and made of clay.

On a small marble slab in a *Massachusetts* graveyard, over the grave of a man who committed suicide, while insane, is the following:

Memento Mori.
Sacred to the memory of Mr. D—— B——,
Born ——— Died ———,
Whose last dying words were,

"To the war."

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Sweet Jesus was resigned to his Father's will,
And so was he who lies here still.

From *Newburyport, Mass.*, we take this inscription:

Death had decomposed him and at the general resurrection Christ will re-compose him when perception and thought shall resume their several functions and he shall become identically the same person, which deity composed him and shall be happy or miserable according to his dispositions.

As falls the tree so man shall fall asleep
And dormant lie till judgment's final doom
When Christ shall raise him from the general heap
And break the magic of the hungry tomb.

In the burial-ground, at *Southampton, Mass.*, is a plain wooden slab, into which is set a daguerreotype of a spiritualist's family; beneath the picture, printed on blue paper, and covered by a glass, is the following inscription:

This
inclosure was
dedicated to the ashes of
Josiah A. Gridley
and family
March 16, 1852.

The above likeness was taken of the family, as it existed, Nov. 17th, 1847, with the exception of Mrs. G. who was so deranged that it was impossible to take her with the group. Albert J. the oldest son laid off the *outer form*, Nov. 10, 1851, aged 19 years —— yet he is neither dead nor asleep but, converses daily with his friends in the body, of the things that pertain to the kingdom of God.

At *Toronto, Canada:*

In memory of
Edwin, son of
John and Ann P——
Born at Toronto Oct. 26, 1856
Died Dec. 10th 1861.
And though we ne'er can meet again
On this side of the grave:
We'll strive to win a crown of life
From him who died to save.
A blessed state will then be ours,
In heaven we'll praises sing,
With our sweet boy—our angel son,
To God the eternal king.

These verses are original.

At *Woodstock, Connecticut:*

Dear babe weal weep for the no more,
For thou art now forever blest
The bitter pangs of death is ore
And Jesus smiles to see the rest.

The following is copied from an ancient gravestone in *Pembroke, Massachusetts:*

Here rests a poor woman
Who always was tired,
For she lived in a house
Where Help was not hired.

Her last words were, Friends,
Fare ye well; I am going
To a place where there's nothing
Of washing or sewing.

Then weep not my friends,
When death shall us sever;

For I'll have a nice time
In doing nothing forever.

For everything there
Is exact to my wishes,
Since when they don't eat
There's no washing of dishes.

The courts with sweet music
Are constantly ringing;
But having no voice
I shall get clear of singing.

She folded her hands
With her latest endeavor,
And whispered sweet nothing,
Oh, nothing, forever.

This comes from *New York:*

Many stood round
Though none could save
This blooming youth from a watery grave;
Great search was made the corpse to obtain,
But all their searching was in vain.
Long time elapsed—the corpse did rise,
And eager friends did seize the prize.

In the Necropolis, *Toronto, Canada,* is a stone on which is strangely inscribed a well-known stanza:

When I rise to worlds unknown & behold
thee on thy throne, Rock of ages cleff
for me let me hide myself in thee.

In a *Philadelphia* burying-ground is a tombstone bearing this inscription:

In memory of

JOHN THOMAS WILSON,
aged 32 years.
Over the grave's cold silent deeps
A widow and two orphans weeps.
A husband kind and true,
A fond indulgent father *two.*

Epitaph on a *Boston* clergyman, written by himself:

Beneath this stone lies the body of one
Shamefully treated in life
By his wife's son and Dr. Thom
And Daniel Seavey's wife.

On Ann Lavan, *Collinsville, Conn.:*

ANN LAVAN is my name,
Ireland is my nation,
Collinsville my intering place,
Heaven is my station.
Whilst grass is green and roses red,
This is my name when I am dead
And all my bones are rottan,
On this stone my name will be,
When I am quite forgottan.

From a stone in Calvary Cemetery, *Chicago*, over a youth who died at the age of 15 years:

In the time of my boyhood, I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die ere the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn like a blasted oak, suddenly away.

A tombstone at *Dorchester, Mass.*, has the following:

On the 21st of March
God's angels made a *sarche.*
Around the door they stood;
They took a maid
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

From *Martha's Vineyard:*

Not youthful charms together joined
With temper sweet, and virtuous mind,
Nor husbands tears, nor parents grief,
Against Grim Death was no relief.

From *Rushville, N. Y.:*

In my 23rd year I married me a wife,
And lived with her 35 years of my life.
Sixteen years after my life I resigned,
And of my 8 children left 7 behind.

Inscription on an ancient tombstone in *Rockville, Mass.:*

In memory of JANE BENT,
who kicked up her heels and away she went.

Copied from a gravestone in a burying-ground near *Philadelphia:*

In memory of HENRY WANG, son of his Father and Mother, John and Maria Wang. Died Dec. 31st, 1829, aged ½ hour.
The first deposit of this yard.

A short-lived joy
Was our little boy.
He has gone on high,
So don't you cry.

In the cemetery at *Cape May* may be seen this epitaph on Mary Jane ——, who departed this life at the age of 11 years and 8 months:

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
And empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermelin.

Epitaph on a dog—composed by Dr. C——, a student of the Chicago Homœopathic College, class of '77, at a vivisection, by the compiler:

List ye doctors wise and great
And hear my last good bye.
A tale or two I would relate,
Just now before I die.

Two tales I have—you see but one,
The good old tale I wag.
Has followed me in every run
And of *this Tail I brag.*

My other tale is sad and lone
And lengthy as my days,
I see it now as not before,
And on my mind it weighs.

And though it's but a dog's own tale,
A tale it is of sorrow.
For die I must—and nought but dust
This dog will be to-morrow.

Martyrs die upon the rack,
Their faith gives them reliance;
Whilst I, here faithless, on my back,
Must give my life to science.

A Scientific dog. *Indeed.*

Although not versed in art.
The world of wonder is in need,
And I must give my *heart*.

A Homœopath I sure will be
When I am triturated.
The *dynamic force* of dog, you'll see
In *hash*, as often stated.

Now all behold my latter end,
It is a bitter cup.
Let all your tender feelings blend,
And pity this poor pup.

A tombstone in *Connecticut* has the following:

Now she is dead and cannot stir;
Her cheeks are like the faded rose;
Which of us shall next follow her,
The Lord Almighty only knows.

Hark! she bids all her friends adieu;
An angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Epitaph on the warrior ——, by an assistant surgeon of the Nineteen Nankeens:

Stiff are the warrior's muscles,
Congealed alas! his chyle;
No more in hostile tussles
Will he excite his bile.
Dry is the epidermis,
A vein no longer bleeds,
And the *communis vermis*
Upon the warrior feeds.

Compressed, alas! the thorax
That throbbed with joy or pain;

Not e'en a dose of borax
Could make it throb again.
Dried up the warrior's throat is
All shattered too his head;
Still is the epiglottis—
The warrior is dead.

From Willow Brook cemetery, *East Hartford:*

In memory of Serg't Herman Barker, Jr., of Tolland—he was captivated by the British troops Sept. 15th 1776,—son to Mr. Herman Barker and Lois his wife—he died on his way home with the small-pox Jan. 21st 1777, in the 29th year of his age.

A gravestone at *Sterling, Miss.*, has this stanza:

As she on her bed of sickness lay,
Her friends stood weeping round,
She not a word to them could say,
No medicine could they get down.

From Quaker's Farms, *Oxford, Conn.:*

S. H.	M. H.	Z. H.	R. H.
1741.	1774.	1806.	1786.

By this stone are deposited the remains
of Capt. Zachariah Hawkins,
a worthy and respectable member of Society,
who in the 90th year of his age died in faith
and hope, June 27th MDCCCVI.
He had 14 children, who all survived him,
2 grand-children, & 95 great-grand-children.
Sarah, his first wife, is buried in Derby—
by whom he had Sarah & Mercy.
Mary, his 2nd wife, is buried 12 feet on the
left of this stone—by whom he had

Mary, John, Elizabeth, Elijah, Arma, Gaylord,
Ruth, Silas, Joseph, Moses,
& Isaac.

RACHEL, his third wife, lies close by this
on the left, by whom he had Zachariah.

LYDIA, his relict, and his sons
erect this Monument, their tribute
of gratitude, love, and honor.

On a tombstone in *New Milford, Conn.*, is this epitaph on a child who was drowned in a cistern:

In a moment he fled,
He ran to the cistern and raised the lid,
His father looked in, there did behold
His child lay dead and cold.

A cremationist's epitaph:

The soul has flown, and the body's flue.

Epitaph on Johnny Smith:

Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith, They blistered and they bled him;
With squills and anti-bilous pills, And ipecac they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel, And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul, Was wafted o'er the river.

The following, marked H. N. C., were copied by Mr. Knapp, of Boston, Mass., from the "original manuscripts" furnished by a friend of his who was in the gravestone business, and to whom they were actually given to be cut:

She seeketh wool & flax, and laboreth dil-

gently with her hands.

H. N. C.

My cheeks once red like roses spread
My sparkling eyes so gay
But now behold me dead & cold
A lifeless lump of Clay.

When you unto my grave do go
That Gloomy place to see
Think Solemnly that you must die
And be my Company.

H. N. C.

My dear & beloved Wife Though
Has left me to morn thy sad
Loss & by the Blessin of god &
Son, I found a nother Wife.

H. N. C.

Life is but a dream, how brief.
but death, how sure, how quick,
we little thought 'twould come so soon
when you said "*I am sick.*"

it was hard to watch that gasping breath
and see your little cheeks grow pale
alas! and hear your throbbing breast,
it was sadder yet to close your eyes in death.

farewell dear Childe youve gone to rest
we loved you while with us you staid:
we'll mark the spot with a monument
where we have seen your boddy laid.

H. N. C.

By an Englishman:

Edward A. Taylor died
March 1st 1858, Eaged 4 years.

Has Due drops in the morning
Mild, Asends to meet the rising sun,

So as the Spirit of our Child
To heaven gone thus sin to shun.

H. N. C.

A *Block Island*, sea captain's tombstone carries this couplet:

He's done a-catching cod
And gone to meet his God.

On a stone in a *Connecticut* churchyard are these lines:

Here lies two twins, all side by side,
Of the SMALL-POX both of them died.

From the head-board of a grave near *Sunshine Camp*, *Boulder Canon*, *Colorado*:

Here slumbers Charlie Miller,
Our little bucket-filler,
He slipped off sudden and broke his neck;
Bucket fell and knocked him dead.
A German in a foreign land,
Unknown and misunderstood,
The boys all did lend him a hand,
And done the best for him they could.

On the fifth day of October, 1876, the first public cremation of a human body in the United States took place at *Washington*, *Pa.* To the reliques of an Irish laborer, who met his death while building the cremation furnace, were accorded the honor of first demonstrating its efficacy. An eye witness thus describes the performance:

At precisely 4 o'clock the body arrived at the furnace, in the hands of six pall-bearers. It was laid on a sort of litter, constructed of black walnut, and trimmed with satin. The body was placed in the furnace, and the flames turned upon it at ten minutes after 4, and in forty minutes afterward, what was once a body was then about six quarts of white ashes. These were immediately gathered up and deposited in a beautiful urn constructed especially for the occasion, and bearing the following inscription:

This urn contains the ashes from the remains of THOMAS COLLINS, who was cremated at Washington, Pa., Oct. 5, 1876. He was a native of Ireland, of the County Cork, and near the Town of Belley Castle.

Died Oct. 3, 1876.
Peace to his ashes.

Epitaph on an Insurance Company:

R. I. P.
THE NATIONAL FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.
Conceived in the state office in August 1869. Born
to this world of woe September 1871. Died
from manifold diseases, March 1875.
It escaped the great Chicago fire
only to be wrecked on the
sands of gross mis-
management.

May we never look upon its like again.

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